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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 24, 1934
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Vol. CXXXIX No. 1818 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOV. 24 1934

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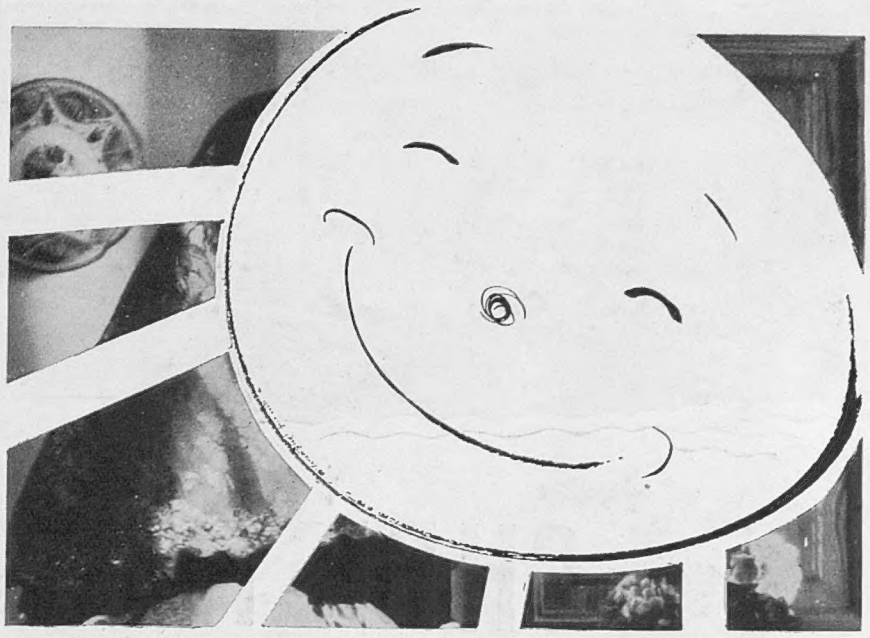

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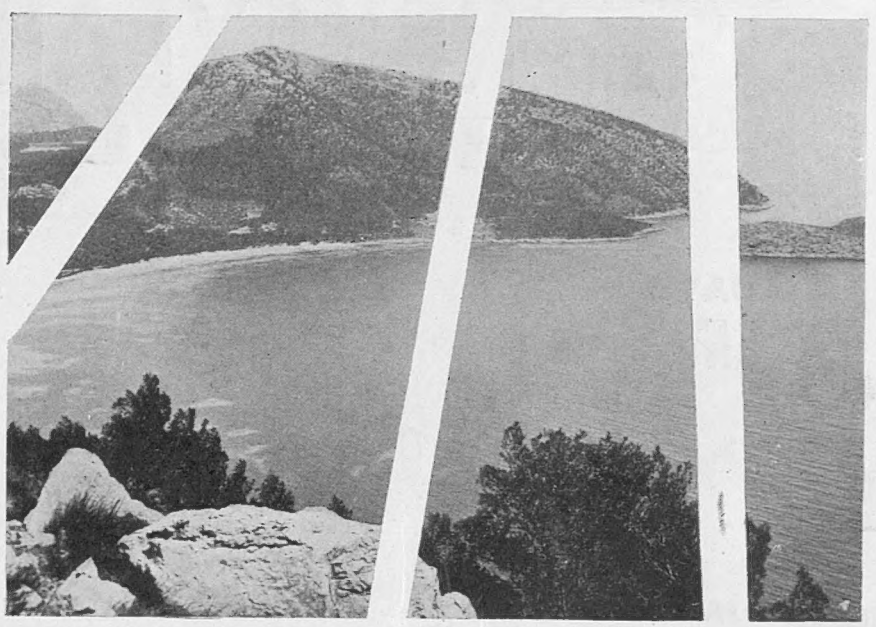

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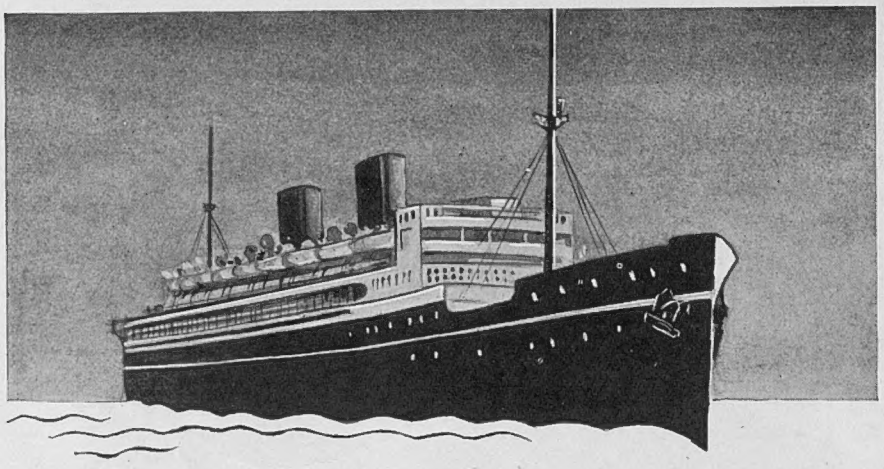

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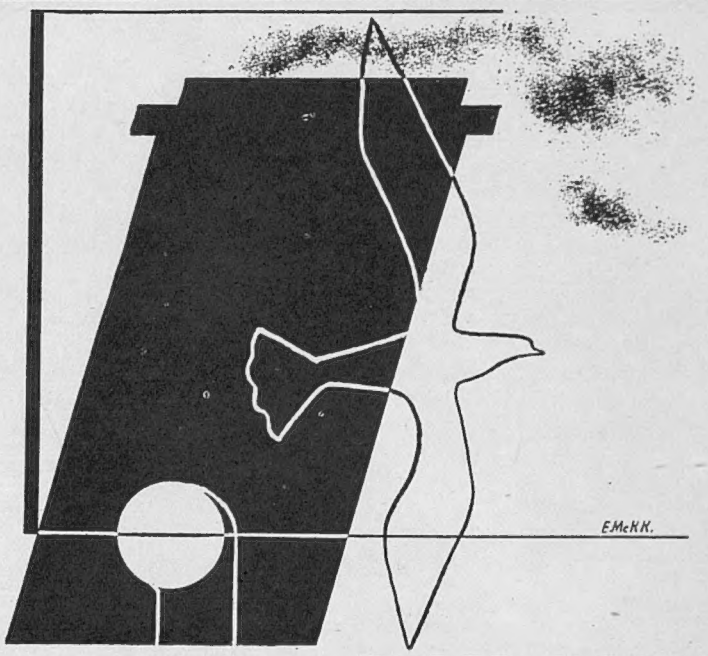

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 24, 1934

THE DUKE *Greets His* BRIDE-TO-BE

This charming picture was taken early on Wednesday afternoon after Princess Marina had landed at Dover from the cross-Channel steamer, *Canterbury*, which had brought her from France. Her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by her mother and father, Count and Countess Toerring, and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, had to make an early start from Paris and, in spite of the fog, she was scarcely delayed at all on the journey. Later she had a great reception from the vast crowds which gathered at Victoria Station to welcome her to London. She is now staying at Buckingham Palace where a special suite has been allocated to her on the first floor, and will remain in residence there until she leaves for Westminster Abbey on her wedding day. *(See Special Supplement on pages 305 to 316)*

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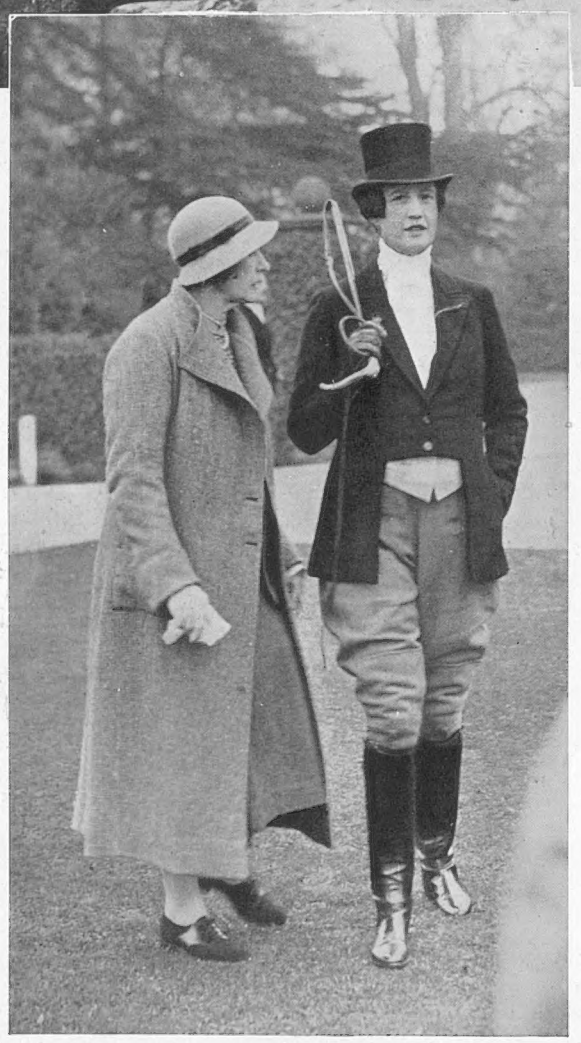
THE DULVERTON PACK AT A SOMERSET BEAUTY SPOT: The hounds crossing Tarr's Steps on the way to the meet, while the huntsman splashes through the waters of the River Barle. Legend has it that the great slabs of stone forming the causeway were placed in position by the Devil



A LATE START: Lady Leconfield (right) and Mrs. Hugh Nelson, wife of the joint master, at the opening meet of Lord Leconfield's pack at Lakers Lodge, Loxwood, Sussex. In this hunting country, as in many others, the commencement of the season was delayed by the hard condition of the ground

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, November 21, 1934.

WELCOME.—This afternoon Princess Marina arrives in London for her marriage with the Duke of Kent, and will be met at Victoria by the King and Queen and the Prince; the Duke meets her at Dover. She will never again leave these shores but as an Englishwoman, one of our own Royal House which we regard as the chief jewel in our constitutional chaplet. She enters the British Commonwealth of Nations, the capital of the world, the House of Windsor, and our hearts. It is a tradition, mellowed by custom, that thus cordially we greet and receive the brides of our Royal House, and in modern times they have constantly justified our cordiality. Princess Marina's welcome (in an age lit by vastly brighter limelight) compares with that extended to Princess Alexandra. For months she has filled our newspapers, stimulated the sluggish blood of our poets, and carried journalists to ever higher flights of purple journalese. I am unfitted to describe her clothes, which, I am told, are in admirable taste, and will set the London leaders of fashions panting after her in vain. Her face is already familiar to all and pleasing to all. Her life story will no doubt shortly be written by the ladies who specialize in these things. I shall content myself with words of one syllable, of native origin in the main: "Hail and do well; we wish you joy and long life."

HIMLEY AND THE DUDLEYS.—I leave it to the ladies of the profession to describe the interior decoration of Himley, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent will spend the first part of their honeymoon. The present house is basically Queen Anne. The family of which Lord Dudley is the head has been prominently connected with that part of Worcestershire, commonly called the South Staffordshire coalfield, since the sixteenth century, and intimately connected with Himley since the twelfth century. It was an illegitimate son of Edward, Lord Dudley, who in the early part of the seventeenth century gave a tremendous fillip to the vital heavy industry of Britain when he discovered the value of coal in lieu of wood for smelting iron. His father's woods were disappearing and the boy, having been delivered of his brain wave, was hurried from Balliol to materialize his theory. He was named very ineptly "Dud" Dudley. Like all pioneers he suffered from bitter hostility; he suffered also in the Civil War, being an ardent Royalist. But he won through. It was he who set up the first new furnace at Himley and forge at Sedgley, and turned out the biggest weekly quantity of iron ever known. It was thanks to him that Lord Ward of the Reform Bill era, afterwards first Earl of Dudley, was one of the richest men of the day. The Wards, as pioneers of this district, were intimately associated with another Worcestershire family, the Foleys, and it was by a natural rather than a curious coincidence that when the famous spendthrift, Lord Foley, crashed, it was the ninth Lord Ward who bought Witley Court, lock, stock, and barrel, from the trustees of the Foley bankruptcy. The Dudleys acquired the surname of Ward by the marriage in the seventeenth century of the Dudley heiress to Humble Ward.

THE MEANS TO PEACE.—Since none can doubt that the chief British speakers on Armistice Day spoke from the heart, with sincerity and only after the most careful reflection, it is obviously worth while to examine the remedies which they propounded for our present discontents. General Smuts, Sir John Simon, Mr. Eden, and the Archbishop of York were among the principal voices raised on that day and in one respect they were unanimous. All were agreed that peace among the nations is the supreme need, not solely to banish the horrors and cruelty and injustice of war but to enable civilization to advance in every sphere of progress. General Smuts' speech was not on this occasion very helpful. We must, he said, highly resolve to build a free, fair world, giving to all liberty of action and expression, and a fair share of opportunity. But he offered no more practical nostrum than the substitution of high resolve for the present defeatism, and instead of brooding over the prospects of another war to seek methods to avoid it. Sir John Simon was more definite. He wants the United States back in the League. He believes that Britain and America, working as one, through the League, could, by force of example and prestige, carry through a convention to limit armaments. Mr. Eden naturally upheld the League as the instrument by which peace must be achieved. But as a realist he stressed the dangers of the times which would not be lessened by unilateral disarmament. The Archbishop of York saw in the "so-called Treaties" of Versailles and Trianon the ulcer which is destroying the health of the nations. Until they are revised there could be no peace. Granting that there must be an effective international authority, whose decisions each nation must abide by in disputes, he considered that in international affairs we had not yet reached even the stage of law. He believed that refusal to employ armed force in any circumstances was based on a complete misconception of the Gospel and of Christianity, and that our ultimate aim should be to divert to, and concentrate in, the League of Nations the available armed resources of each nation as the

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THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

PRINCESS MARINA IN PARIS—LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY ENTERTAIN

HER LAST APPEARANCE IN PARIS SOCIETY BEFORE THE WEDDING: Prince Nicolas of Greece, Princess Marina, Princess Nicolas, and Prince Beauveau, at a charity concert and ball held at the Cercle Interallié at the end of last week

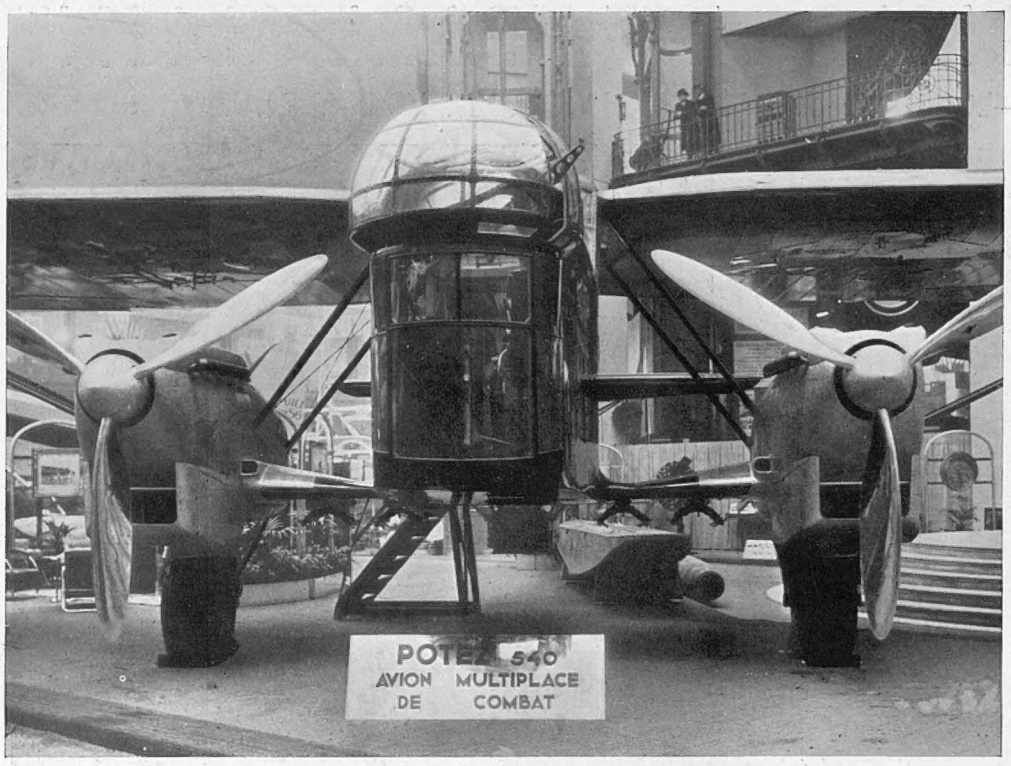
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: Princess Nicolas whispers something to Princess Marina during supper. An intimate camera study taken at one of the many functions which they attended while in Paris

A BRILLIANT POLITICAL PARTY AT LONDONDERRY HOUSE: Lady Londonderry receiving the guests at the head of the stairs at the reception to meet the Prime Minister (right) held on the eve of the new Parliamentary Session

FRENCH INVASION: Parisians reading an advertisement announcing 770-franc air trips to London for the Royal Wedding. The event is creating great interest in France and advance bookings indicate that some thousands of people will be coming over

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE: Another picture taken at last Monday's Londonderry House reception. Sixth and seventh from the right in this group are Signor Grandi, Italian Ambassador in London, and Countess Howe

MISS AUDREY WARREN PEARL presiding at a meeting of the junior committee which is arranging the programme selling at the Christmas Ball to be held at Grosvenor House on December 13



FRANCE'S AERIAL MIGHT: A remarkable bombing machine now on exhibition at the Paris Aero Show which was opened at the Grand Palais on November 16. Through the propeller hubs, the caps of which are detachable, small shells can be fired in quick succession, and at the front of the fuselage is a revolving machine-gun turret

THE FRENCH REPLY TO THE AMERICAN DOUGLAS AIR LINER which proved such a success in the recent England–Australia race. A new Breguet fourteen-passenger 'plane with retractable undercarriage and twin engines. It has a maximum speed of 240 m.p.h.

A GIANT TWIN-ENGINED BLOCH BOMBING 'PLANE: Note the great height of the box-like fuselage and the two machine-gun and look-out turrets. It will be observed that comparatively little attention has been paid to streamlining

THE PARIS AERO SHOW

War Machines the Dominant Feature

ANOTHER milestone in aeronautical history has been reached with the opening on November 16 of the 14th Exposition Internationale de l'Aéronautique in the Great Hall of the Grand Palais in Paris. The show remains open until December 2, and during this fortnight almost every Parisian and a great many people from provincial towns will have viewed the latest aircraft, not only of France but also of most of the aircraft constructing countries of Europe.

When the President of the Republic, with his plumed escort of Republican Guards, officially opened the show at 10 a.m. on Friday morning to the strains of the "Marseillaise," no one could have believed that only an hour or two before the now perfectly-arranged exhibits had been in a state of apparent chaos.

For days the exhibitors had been bringing the larger machines to the Grand Palais piecemeal. By the Wednesday these had arrived and were being put together. One big bomber-fighter was actually being built rather than assembled on its stand. The factory seemed to have been temporarily transferred to the hall, for an army of workmen were beating and rivetting panels in an attempt to have the machine in some sort of shape for the opening. When Thursday dawned they were still hard at it, and the machine was slowly taking form.

Other exhibitors were busy assembling their machines and struggling with a variety of difficulties. A small Caudron racer, the winner of the Coupe Deutsch de la Meurthe, was being raised on to a high steel pillar. When the machine had been hoisted, it was found that the hole in the bottom of the fuselage into which the pillar was to fit was too small and the pedestal had to be hurriedly filed to size while the machine dangled precariously aloft.

At 8.30 p.m. on Thursday night most of the machines were still being worked on and many of them were covered with the sheeting and brown paper which had been used to protect the paint. A big four-engined passenger flying boat was waiting to be hoisted on to its raised support, and cranes, pulleys, and chains were everywhere.

By the next morning there had been a transformation. Gone were the workmen, their tackle, and the coverings; even the building operations on the twin-engined plane were finished and the machines shone with polished cowlings and paint ready for the Presidential opening.

It is an impressive rather than a spectacular show with a much greater military emphasis than the last exhibition two years ago. It is also remarkable for the absence of freak aeroplanes which usually make their appearance on these occasions, and almost all the exhibits are serviceable-looking craft. French military policy is embodied in a number of single-seater fighters and several twin-engined *avions de combat*. The latter combine the functions of bombers and fighters and have gun positions fore and aft, above and below. The makers claim speeds for them in the neighbourhood of 200 m.p.h.

These all-metal fighter-bombers must prove formidable in defence equipped as they are with six or more machine guns mounted in pairs and covering almost all angles of attack. In the green war paint of the "Armée de l'air" they certainly look threatening enough.

New engines called "moteurs canons," made by the famous Hispano Suiza firm are being fitted to French war machines. A quick-firing gun firing a small shell can be laid between the vee of the cylinders and fired through the hollow shaft of reduction gear and propeller hub. It may be recalled that a similar arrangement was used by certain French aces during the Great War. The present design is a much more highly developed application of the same idea and at least two machines in the show are fitted with these new engines.

The civil side is less clearly emphasized. There is a big German Junkers seaplane, a large flying boat with four engines ordered by Air France for the Marseilles–Algiers service, and there is the French answer to the American Douglas, a new Breguet cabin machine for fourteen passengers with a retractable undercarriage. There are also two small passenger machines and the remainder are small cabin and open craft suitable for clubs and private owners.

Germany's exhibits are entirely civil for she is not allowed to build war machines. She shows a number of aircraft amongst which are the Heinkel 225-m.p.h. mail-carrying monoplane, several small training and touring craft, and finally the huge sixteen-passenger Junkers seaplane which has three heavy oil engines of 600 h.p. In the application of variable wing surfaces, slots, and flaps the small German machines show greater aerodynamic advances than any of the other aircraft exhibited.

After the Presidential opening on Friday the hall of the Grand Palais gradually filled. On Saturday there were still more visitors, and by the afternoon the hall was crammed. On Sunday all Paris seemed to be flocking to see the show.

It has been asked why England does not stage a similar aircraft exhibition. The last British aero show was held at Olympia in 1929, but in recent years the British aircraft industry has staged a flying display at Hendon on the Monday after the R.A.F. pageant. Here British and foreign aircraft operators have been able to examine our machines and judge their performances in actual flight. This is far more valuable than the inspection of show machines for which estimated performances only are available, and which may never, in fact, turn out to be practical flying machines.

C. D. Palmer

Happenings in Australia and America

NEW YORK PREPARES TO RECEIVE TWO OCEAN GIANTS: The scene at the docks during the ceremony celebrating the commencement of construction work on the vast new Transatlantic Ocean Steamship Terminal. This is to consist of berths large enough to accommodate the Cunard-White Star liner, *Queen Mary*, and the French liner, *Normandie*, both of which are of over 70,000 tons burden. Among those present at the gathering was Mr. La Guardia, Mayor of New York

AMERICA'S LATEST AND LARGEST SUBMARINE: The U.S.S. *Cuttlefish*, which was commissioned on June 6 of this year, seen at the Washington Navy Yard where she is being overhauled preparatory to joining the Fleet for late autumn manœuvres in the Pacific

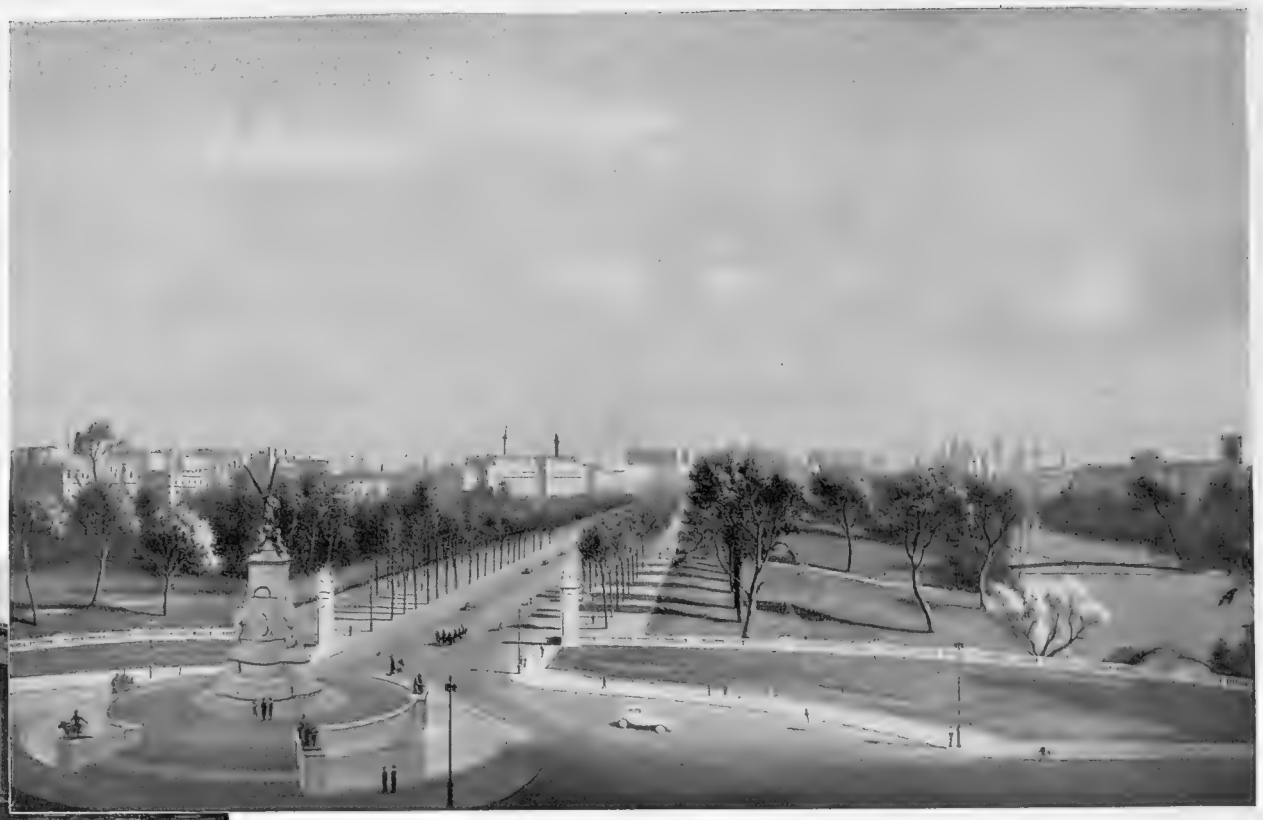
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN THE ANTIPODES: *Left*—Waiting his turn to fire during a clay pigeon shooting competition on board the cruiser *Sussex*. *Right*—His Royal Highness listening to an address of welcome read by Senator Lynch in the Senate Chamber at Canberra, the Federal capital of Australia which he visited after inaugurating the State of Victoria Centenary Celebrations in Melbourne. On the right of the speaker is the Right Hon. Sir Isaac Isaacs, the Governor-General

WHO'S WHO

in the Greek Royal Family

✣

Princess Marina's Relatives



FROM PRINCESS MARINA'S SUITE: This painting, by Algernon Newton, which was exhibited a few weeks ago at the Colnaghi Gallery, gives an excellent idea of the view of St. James's Park that Her Royal Highness has from her apartments on the first floor of Buckingham Palace which she is occupying until the wedding

Many of the relatives of Princess Marina, who are visiting London for her marriage, may not be known to all our readers, so the following table has been specially compiled by "The Sphere" to show their positions in the family tree:

George I
born Prince William of Denmark; younger son of King Christian IX of Denmark; became King of Greece in 1863; m. Grand Duchess Olga of Russia

- Constantine I, m. Princess Sophia of Prussia (Sister of the Kaiser)
  - George II, deposed in 1924
  - Alexander, became King when his father was deposed in 1917
  - Helen, m. Carol of Rumania
  - Paul
  - Irene
- George, Princess Eugenie
- Nicolas, m. Helen, Grand Duchess of Russia
  - Olga, m. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia
  - Elizabeth, now Countess Toerring
  - **Marina**
- Andrew, m. Princess Alice of Battenberg
  - Cecile, m. Grand Duke of Hesse
  - Sophie, m. Prince Christopher of Hesse
- Christopher

COUSINS OF THE BRIDE-TO-BE: The Grand Duchess George of Hesse (*left*) and Princess Christopher of Hesse (*right*). They are the daughters of Prince Andrew of Greece, nieces of the late King Constantine, and granddaughters of the late King George I

A DAUGHTER OF KING CONSTANTINE: Princess Irene of Greece who was born in Athens in 1904. Her eldest brother is ex-King George

PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE: She is a sister of the Marquess of Milford Haven and before her marriage was Princess Alice of Battenberg

PRINCESS EUGENIE, the daughter of Prince George (brother of King Constantine). Her mother, before her marriage in 1882, was Marie Princess Bonaparte

PRINCESS ELIZABETH: The second daughter of Prince Nicolas and a sister of Princess Marina. She was married early this year to Count Toerring

A "Sphere" Survey

News from Abroad

CLOSER UNION IN THE BALTIC STATES: A red-letter day in the Latvian capital. Dr. K. Ulmanis, the Latvian Premier, and M. Wileisches, the Lithuanian Ambassador, at their recent meeting held in Riga to ratify a Treaty of Friendship and Collaboration between their respective countries

VOICES RAISED IN UNISON: The scene in the Berlin City Hall last week when the Berlin Choral Society gave a special entertainment in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Choral singing has always been in great favour with the German people, who are staunch admirers of the works of their own composer, Handel

NOTABLE GATHERING: M. Pierre Etienne Flandin, the new French premier who has just succeeded M. Doumergue, seen at the shooting party at Rambouillet at which he entertained members of the Diplomatic Corps in Paris. Among his guests were Sir George Clerk (Britain), and Mr. Straus (U.S.A.)

ALOHA! Miss Dorothy Round, holder of the Wimbledon Women's Singles title, garlanded with flowers at Honolulu which she visited when en route to Australia recently

b

A City with Two Underworlds

Dope Trafficking and Municipal Graft in Marseilles

By H. J. GREENWALL

THE NOTORIOUS RUE DE LA REYNARD: A hide-out of dope traffickers near the docks

MARSEILLES, the Mecca of the wicked ones of the world, is picturesquely known as "The Gateway to Asia," but in reality it is the only city I know that possesses two underworlds of its own. Being a port from which ships steam to and from the East, it is quite natural that this big city of the South should have all the traps that great ports set to catch the sailor man off the seas; there is, however, quite another sort of underworld, and one which the transient traveller cannot possibly find. The other underworld is the underworld of the gangster supported by those engaged in municipal graft.

Outside of the United States it would be difficult to find a city where graft is so rampant as this town. Not so long ago, what the French call "the wine jug" was upset, and there was found a man who had for years been drawing a salary as caretaker to a non-existent municipal library.

When there are municipal elections in Marseilles, thousands of dead men vote. That is another form of local graft, buying and selling votes—and what is easier than to sell the votes of those who cannot vote for themselves?

The local "thugs" or gangsters are called "nervis," in slang meaning "strong ones," or, as they would say in the United States, "those who have their nerve with them." The "nervis" most certainly have. Anything—from giving a beating to an opposition candidate, to dropping a disliked official into the dock—is possible to a "nervi."

Marseilles is the big "dope" distributing centre of France; cocaine, opium, and heroin are smuggled in here in large quantities by sailors who are regularly engaged in the traffic. Dope-running is one of the grafts of the municipal gangsters, and danger to those who try and interfere.

THERE is the mysterious case of Mr. Reginald Lee, the British Vice-Consul of this city who is still officially missing.

Mr. Lee followed Mr. Spencer-Dickson, who was Consul-General. According to a statement made to me by the French Foreign Office, the Consul-General was removed from his post at the request of the French Foreign Office, because they declared that he was a member of the British Intelligence Service.

Mr. Lee then arrived after having served in Cuba, where it was reported he had been deeply concerned in trying to combat the traffic in drugs. One morning Mr. Lee did not arrive at the Consulate. His second in command went to see if his chief was ill. He had disappeared from his flat. The British Embassy in Paris was informed. Then curious things began to happen; there arrived in Marseilles a gentleman named Noble Hall, a very tall man, who had been a journalist. He arrived armed with a letter from the British Embassy, addressed "To Whom Concerned," and asking that assistance should be afforded Mr. Noble Hall.

A few days later there was found on the beach here a suit case; the suit case contained a half-bottle of whisky, a novel that had the missing man's name inside, a pair of trousers, and a loaded revolver with two discharged chambers.

Now I must introduce M. Cals, the young Chief of Police of this city, who curiously enough had himself been in the French Intelligence Service during the War. "What really became of Reginald Lee?" I asked. M. Cals shrugged his shoulders and answered: "Why don't you ask your own people?" A curious reply. We continued our talk, sitting in the sunshine on the terrace of a café on the Canébière.

M. Cals told me that he had measured the pair of trousers found in the suit case; the pair could never have been worn by the missing man, but by a much taller man. I should have said that in the suit case was a "letter of farewell," unsigned, but suggesting it was written by the missing man. According to the Chief of Police there was a spelling mistake in the letter.

Then the question of the revolver. Cals' detectives traced the revolver to a shop near the Bourse here; *it had been sold four days after Lee had last been seen by his colleagues.*

What is the solution of the Reginald Lee mystery? Was it another murder committed by the "nervis" at the instigation of the dope traffickers, or was it one of the mysterious crimes which the French love to put to the blame of the Intelligence Services? In any case, Reginald Lee of the British Consular Service is still officially missing.

STREET OF TRAGEDY: The Canébière, where King Alexander and M. Barthou were assassinated

A few years ago, the underworld of Marseilles—I mean the municipal underworld—was shaken to its foundations by the great "panel doctor" scandal. Hundreds of local doctors and ex-Service men were implicated. The doctors defrauded the State by giving the men coupons for medicines and lotions, and the men obtained perfume and other luxuries. The "Gateway to the East" knows as much about underhand dealings as do the cities to which Marseilles is the gateway.

The recent murders here put Marseilles in the world's spotlight, and the Minister of Justice, who had long previously been in difficulties, shared the fate of the Minister of the Interior, who was held responsible for the poor methods adopted to protect the lives of King Alexander and M. Barthou. I happened to turn up my files and found notes I made here in September, 1931, which throw an interesting sidelight on the recent assassinations.

I find this note: "M. Cals tells me that his city is greater in area than Paris; it is nineteen miles long, and yet there are no more than 1,600 police in Marseilles, and never more than 200 are on duty at the same time."

But just before I made that note 600 police had been mobilized for a very big raid; 300 arrests were made, but only thirty-two people were convicted for crimes. Dragging a net through the underworld is a gigantic proposition, but as big as the net may be, and as many fishermen as there may be engaged in the netting operation, very few fish get caught in the net. Marseilles *is* mysterious; its little crooked back streets hold all the vices of the world.

THE CANÉBIÈRE, the street which divides Marseilles into two, is as fascinating as a Parisian boulevard—but more noisy. One sees a kiosk which looks like one of the little stalls in Paris where they sell newspapers, but here they are selling fish. There are baskets and baskets full of oysters; there are also silvery shiny mackerel, red mullet, black lobsters, pale red crayfish, green-shelled crabs, all dripping fresh sea water, and all alive. Then there are other denizens of the deep: things that look like sea porcupines, but which are known here as clovis.

Screaming, jostling, pushing, the Marseilles cavalcade goes by. Arab women, with swaying hips, thick-lipped negresses, a daintily dressed young woman with carmined lips, three Lascars, Annamites, richly dressed Chinese, and slow-moving Senegalese soldiers.

Merchants, tramps, harlots, seamen, clerks, dog-stealers, typists, hawkers, cocaine runners—these are the figures which make up the Marseilles crowd, and those who people the twin underworlds.

UNCERTAIN TIMES: A Marseilles police officer examining a man's papers of identity

Accompanied by one of M. Cals' detectives I spent some time investigating the underworlds of this city. We went to have a look at the Stolen Goods Market. Here you can buy back your property a few hours after it has been stolen. So long as you ask no questions you will hear no lies.

The market is situated in a couple of small streets, lined with barrows, and with lean-to sheds against a brick wall.

On the barrows were leather bags (the contents of which had already been disposed of elsewhere). I noticed that many of them bore the unmistakable

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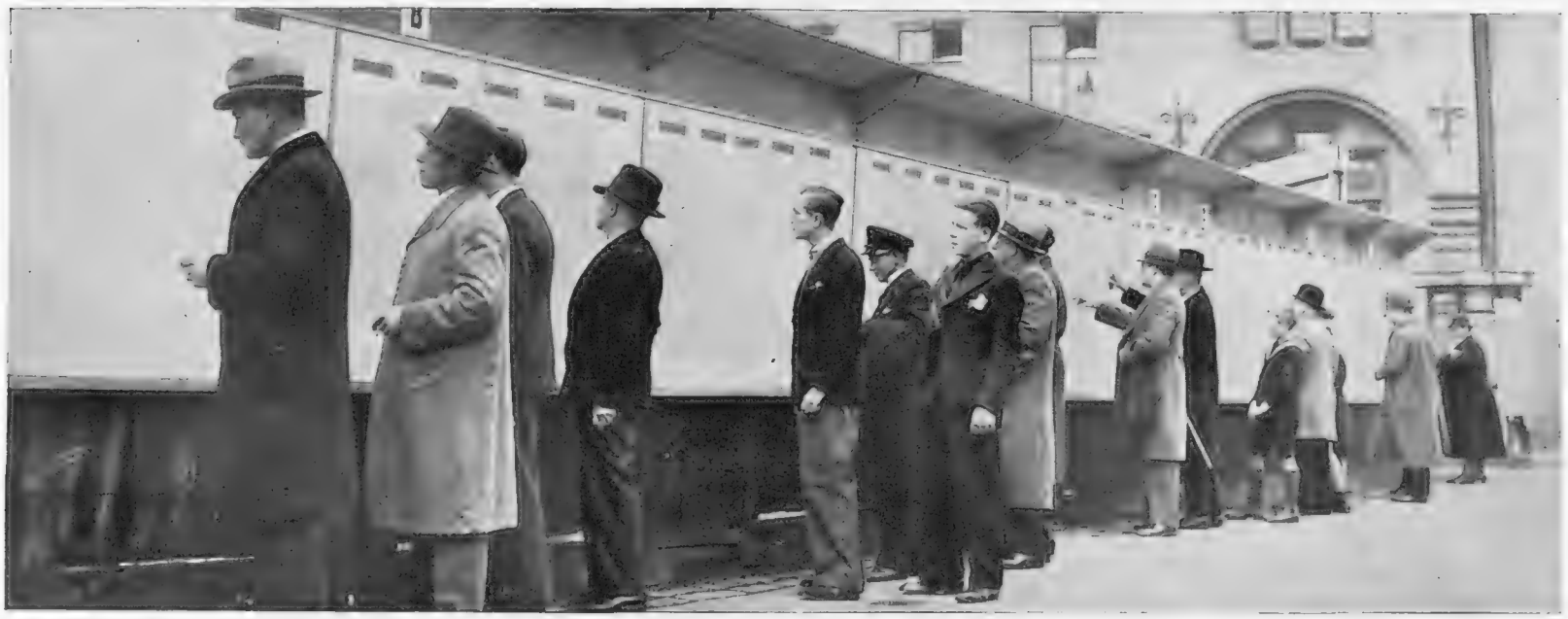
The Saar Prepares for the Plebiscite

THE COCKPIT OF EUROPE: Officers of the Saar Police Force on duty outside a building where members of the German Front (a Nazi organization) were holding a meeting. The atmosphere in the territory is extremely tense, as next January the people will be called on to decide whether they prefer to be under German or French rule, or to remain as they are under the ægis of the League of Nations



OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT SAARBRUCKEN: Reading the list of names of those entitled to take part in the plebiscite. Mr. Geoffrey Knox, the Chairman of the Governing Commission, last week took drastic action against public officials who have been attempting to influence people unduly with regard to the way in which they will exercise their votes, and the burgomaster of Homburg was actually fined £50 for merely ending a letter to a friend with the words "Heil Hitler"

A COSMOPOLITAN COMMITTEE

The five people who are making the arrangements for the plebiscite. Left to right—Miss Waumbaugh (U.S.A.), Herr Alan Rodhe (Sweden), M. Henry (Switzerland), Herr Daniel de Jongh (Holland), and M. Hellstedt (Sweden)

PRO-GERMAN PROPAGANDA: An official taking down placards surreptitiously placed by the Nazis on the walls of the ante-room of the Saar Government Building. The top poster on the right reads: "We want to go back to Germany"

CAPE SHACKLETON: A well-known landmark on the Greenland coast which has been named after the famous Polar explorer. The cliffs there are frequented in summer by multitudes of guillemots

AN INTERESTING PHENOMENON: A view of Wilcox Head, from a distance of forty miles, taken with a camera fitted with a telephoto lens. In the background and on the extreme left can be seen the faint outline of what appears to be a gigantic ice barrier but which is really only a mirage

IN THE WAKE OF A PIONEER: A picture of fjord scenery taken from the summit of Sanderson's Hope, a headland discovered over 300 years ago by John Davis, the Elizabethan navigator who made three voyages in search of the north-west passage

IN A WORLD OF ICE: The Wordie Expedition's seventy-five ton vessel, which is specially equipped for forcing its way through the heavy floes

SMILING SELF-POSSESSION: A gaily bedizened young lady of Greenland

The Wordie Arctic Expedition

Some Remarkable Pictures Taken off the West Coast of Greenland

THE expedition sailed under the leadership of Mr. J. M. Wordie aboard the Norwegian sealing vessel *Heimen* from Aberdeen on the rainy afternoon of May 25. The *Heimen* had on board a Norwegian crew of nine besides the eight British members of the expedition. The *Heimen* was built in 1929 specially for navigation in ice with reinforced wooden sides, her bows protected with steel plates, and a powerful Diesel engine to help her force her way among heavy ice floes. The small 75-ton ship with seventeen people aboard was fully laden with stores for two years. A rough and tempestuous passage across the Atlantic finished late one evening, when a cloud in the evening mists hardened to the outline of a distant mountain range, whose dark cliffs tower out of the sea and form Cape Farewell, the most southerly point of Greenland. Round Farewell we met calm seas and fine weather, and for four days we steamed swiftly northward with the peaks of the Greenland mountains sometimes "hull down" upon the horizon, and sometimes only a few miles away.

At Disco Island we made our first stop, and disembarked to call upon the Governor of Greenland and exchange stares of mutual curiosity with the Greenland natives. From Disco Island we made for Jacobshavn where we had a store of oil waiting which would replenish our tanks and send us off on the real adventure with fuel enough to fulfil our utmost expectations. Soon after leaving Jacobshavn we made our first encounter with the pack ice, which, though quite slack, was still lying in shore.

AT Upernivik, another Danish station, we were forced to halt our progress northwards, and lie for two weeks of nervous idleness till weather conditions offered us hopes of the ice to the North opening and letting us pass on towards Melville Bay. During this delay some of the party went up the great 3,000 ft. headland of Sanderson's Hope, discovered by John Davis, and from the summit enjoyed a wonderful view, seawards over the pack ice gashed by dark zigzags of water leads, while the white expanse was relieved here and there by pools of blue water, and inland where brown cliffs brooded over their reflections in the still surface of deep fiords while behind them stretched an endless, rolling expanse of snowcovered hills.

When at length we were able to leave Upernivik we threaded our way among the islands which dot the coast so as to avoid as long as possible the heavy pack ice lying in the open sea, and so eventually reached Wilcox Head, at the entrance to Melville Bay. Melville Bay was the key to our advance to the Arctic Islands, so with no little excitement we climbed to the top of the headland to get a view northwards. The view we got was most discouraging for as far as the eye could reach lay an almost unbroken expanse of ice, which despite the rapidly advancing season, still showed no signs of breaking away from the land and drifting out to sea and so enabling a ship to slip through along the coast. To occupy the time while waiting for the ice, we cruised away to the south and visited the Duck Islands, inhabited by a large colony of eider ducks, while glaucus and iceland ducks, grey phalaropes, purple sandpipers, snow buntings, and a pair of knots were among the other birds we saw.

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Greenland's Icy Wastes

MIRRORED IN A WAVELESS SEA

The Devil's Thumb—a rocky pinnacle well known to skippers of whaling vessels, which was climbed by two members of the Wordie Arctic Expedition during their recent visit to Melville Bay on the west coast of Greenland

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Pictures by M. H. W. Ritchie

A picture taken at 3 o'clock in the morning as the Wordie Expedition's ship was nearing a field of pack ice in Melville Bay which prevented any further progress northward

THE KING'S HORSES AND THE KING'S MEN: Household Cavalry leaving Buckingham Palace for the Abbey during the rehearsal last week for the Royal Wedding Procession

LONDON

The New Gay City

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"I THOUGHT," said Miss Marion Davis, on returning to Hollywood, "that no place on earth could be as gay as London. The hotels are crowded to overflowing, the shops are full of happy, laughing people, the theatres are playing to capacity, and there is a very warm, comforting feeling of prosperity." A leading Francophil, Brig.-General Spears, has not hesitated to write that "in comparison with the French, we in England might be lighthearted Neapolitans or carefree Hawaiians treading a sunlit and easy path." Under the heading "City of Light," a writer in the Spanish publication, *Ahora*, congratulates Londoners on the transformation that has taken place in their City. "London the dirty, the foggy, has taken great strides towards becoming a region of light, brightness, and colour." André Maurois has been writing in like vein in a series on England in the Paris weekly, *Marianne*.

And that is just this week's crop, culled haphazardly. In point of fact, the chorus of foreign—shall we say "surprise" in preference to outright praise?—has been proceeding uninterruptedly these several months past. Londoners who live in the midst of their enviable contemporary atmosphere, taking this increasingly for granted, might do worse than pause a moment and reflect over this matter, absorb that their city has become a unique oasis in the world to-day, and that the lively and rippling interlude we are witnessing, making of London pretty well the last refuge of high spirits and joie de vivre in a morose Continent, should as definitely form a special chapter in London history one future day as have the oft-hymned "good old days" of the 'nineties or of pre-war. Indeed, the current phenomenon already stands out in considerably bolder relief than either of these periods. One needs to be constantly circulating abroad properly to appreciate the fact. I know that in my own case, when I land from the Continent now, I set about devising every means of not returning thither until the last compelling minute, which wasn't always so in this quarter, by any means. "Lucky devil!" they say in Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Rome, when I say: "Going to London."

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: The Monte Carlo Follies, who had such a great success on the Riviera last summer, and who are now delighting visitors to Grosvenor House

ADDING TO THE GAIETY OF THE LITTLE SEASON: Members of the Cabaret who provided the entertainment at last week's ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund

Marion Davis's is very jolly praise in that it rings so genuine—as if she just had to say it in thanks for happy days received. Nor is hers a testimonial lightly to be put aside. I doubt if you could find a more valuable one in the matter in hand. On the gay and smart cosmopolitan whirl it would be hard to find one as expert as she, ever surrounded as she has been in the pleasure places of Europe because of her wit, likeableness and hospitality. The lady knows what she is talking about.

Perhaps a little analysis might repay, as events touch summit with the Royal Wedding—summit, that is, until next year's Jubilee season. Mention of the two gives one a start right away. Nowhere else in creation could you stage to-day either one or the other of these occasions on the lines mapped out here. There is no pageantry surviving abroad, beyond aigrettes in fascist bonnets and gala-Goering. And more's the pity, for it gave employment besides holding drabness at arm's length. A knowledgeable Hungarian gave it as his opinion the other night that there never had been a better Royal Family than our present one. "What," someone asked, "exactly do you mean by 'better'?" "I mean pulling their weight, as you say. They're great value, as say the Americans. They go everywhere, enter into your lives more than I've ever known it happen before. Think what these young Princes bring to London life—and night-life! You'd miss them, all right. What we would give to possess them in Buda!"

It was a polyglot party, and another foreign voice carried on the good tale. "You get so wonderfully away from fear and hating in London. You have worries, of course, yet you ride over them. War may be coming, but meanwhile you are enjoying peace. You are almost the only ones. Perhaps it is partly that you have the feel of solidity in your government system. That can have much psychological effect; think if you were always hearing that people would 'come down to the street and rule' . . . riots and threats of civil war. And there is another thing in this psychology business. I mean the freedom that is in the air. Ah, but here one can breathe! What is your silly 'Dora'? Pooh, but one skates round your 'Dora'! No, the other freedom. You forget that so many who come to London now arrive from countries where there is no longer any freedom to speak of. Your newspapers, your theatres, and films and news-reels, the way you can discuss what you choose in public, your broadcasting for both sides . . . such things are as champagne to the dictator-ridden ones." (I mentioned the Betting and Sedition Bills, and B.B.C. criticism, only for my remarks to be brushed aside.)

No better method probably offers, for getting to the springs of this London vogue, than seeking out a polyglot circle—that circulates. Said another of the company: "Almost as much trash has been put around by interested parties concerning eternal English fog or rain as about the alleged permanent uneatableness of English food. Fogs, when they do come, are certainly thicker than elsewhere, but as if these other places didn't have fogs and rain, rain, too! One can have poisonous weather in Paris, and in Berlin and Madrid (bitterest of plateau winds), and even on and off in Rome. And note that few of these places enjoy London's abundant retreats from the elements. As for the food, your country and resort hotels have got a very great deal to make up, but we were discussing London. I say this of London, that no other big city offers a more divergent choice of national menu than is to be found to-day in the West End, Soho, and Bloomsbury combined. The nationalistic visitor can practise complete gastronomic self-sufficiency!" (This drew from a Belgian: "C'est exacte. Souvent on peut manger mieux à Soho maintenant qu'à Paris même—je ne dis pas les grandes boîtes—et beaucoup moins cher, et du vin extra!)

I have purposely avoided concentrating on the brilliant social whirl which may constitute the most spectacular aspect of London's new magnetic quality yet is not in effect itself what holds or fascinates the average foreigner most. Let me again paraphrase: "There is a brightness, a vivacity, a glow, the feel of something doing, in London now that is discernible in no other great city. Everybody seems to be going places (this time it was an American speaking). Money is in circulation—the only thing to do with money. People are spending. The resultant life, the cheerfulness of the streets towards five o'clock! The excitement of the shop displays and how they

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NEXT WEEK'S ROYAL MARRIAGE

Scenes in Athens, the Birthplace of the Bride-to-be

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS: This massive and beautiful building of white Pentelic marble, weather-stained by the elements to a rich golden hue, is still in almost perfect preservation after 2,000 years. It is, of course, named after the famous Greek hero who, according to legend, slew the Minotaur of Knossos and saved seven youths and seven maidens of Athens from being sacrificed

ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ACROPOLIS: Remains of the temple erected by Thrasyllos of Dekeleia in 320 B.C. and which was destroyed by Turkish projectiles in 1827

RELICS OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION OF GREECE: The market place and the Market Gate which was built in the reign of Augustus. The slender Doric columns support an architrave bearing an inscription recording that the structure was dedicated to Athena Archegetis

These delightful watercolours of Athens by the late John Fulleylove, R.I., are reproduced from a volume on Greece which he illustrated for the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont and which was published by A. and C. Black, Ltd., in 1906

KEEP LEFT
DUNLOP
DUNLOP FORT 90
C.F.H.

The Life Story of PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE

ON November 30, 1907, by our calendar, a little girl was born in a palace in Athens and was named Marina, after a Greek saint. She was the daughter of Prince Nicolas, the son of King George I of Greece, and her mother was the Grand Duchess Helen, daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia. Her baby eyes looked out upon a beautiful country, rich in historic memories—nearly every mountain, river, and town being associated with great deeds from the dawn of history. But modern Greece had gone through great tribulation and was not a country over which it was easy to rule, as her grandfather King George I had found from the time he was called to be king, by the Great Powers, in 1863. He had been the second son of King Christian IX of Denmark, not anticipating the greatness which was put upon him, but he had filled his responsible position with great tact, patience, and skill.

WHERE THE PRINCESS WAS BORN: The palace of Prince Nicolas in Athens. It is now the Italian Legation

Little Princess Marina, endowed with the Royal blood of Russia, Denmark, and Greece, had a simple, happy childhood, unaware of any of the political difficulties which faced her grandfather. She and her two elder sisters, Princess Olga and Princess Elizabeth, were brought up in an English atmosphere having English nurses and governess and the first words that the little Princess mastered were in the speech of the country to which she is now coming to live. Her parents were very keen that their children should have the best education suited to their position and from very early days they were carefully instructed. It was a happy family in which little Princess Marina found herself—two delightful sisters and some jolly cousins whom they constantly met and with whom they played games.

Her kind grandmother, Queen Olga, who had been a member of the Russian Royal Family, was a devoted adherent of the Greek Orthodox Church, in which faith the little Princesses were brought up. All the festivals of the church were closely observed, the two favourites, naturally, with the children, being Easter with its coloured eggs, and Christmas with the lighted Christmas tree and all the presents, carried out in the real Continental way.

Every summer Princess Marina and her parents and sisters went on a visit to her maternal grandmother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, and so she came to know something of Russian life, so different from the beautiful southern land with the blue Mediterranean washing its rocky shore, in which she had been born. But sometimes she went to England for the summer holiday which English children know and love, and at Bognor, on this safe sandy shore, dug sand castles and paddled in the sea.

AS A PRETTY TOT: The Princess posing for a portrait by the Greek Court photographer. The exact date of the picture is uncertain

The year when Princess Marina was five years old was of great importance to Greece, for it was then that she went to war with Turkey, in alliance with Serbia and Bulgaria, and, to the general amazement of Europe, achieved a surprising success. Prince Nicolas went off with the army which was commanded by Princess Marina's uncle, Constantine, the Crown Prince. Greece won back from Turkey the country round Salonica, which they had long desired, and the delight in the country was tremendous, only marred by the assassination of King George by the hand of some madman. The little Princess found that her good kind grandfather was no longer at the Royal Palace but that her uncle Constantine had become King. He was immensely popular on account of his clever leadership of the army, and everything seemed set for a prosperous reign. The young Princesses naturally came in for a share in the nation's enthusiasm, but they were not allowed to be much in public and were kept at their lessons, easily learning all the many languages—French, English, German, and Italian—necessary for their Royal position. They were then living at a villa near Athens, Kephissia, a lovely place where they could have a free life in the garden and on the shore.

There came the Great War in the summer of 1914 when Princess Marina was not quite seven years old. What must have been inexplicable to the children was the great change in the attitude of the Greeks to their once adored King, whom they called traitor, and accused of plotting with the Germans, through his wife, Queen Sophie, the Kaiser's sister.

They only knew that at times there were fights in the streets, which were so alarming that they had to seek shelter in the cellars, until a day came when King Constantine had to leave Greece with all his family with the sole exception of his second son, Alexander, who had been given the throne of his father. Prince Nicolas and his family left shortly afterwards, in July, 1917, and found refuge in Switzerland where they spent over three years in exile.

THE GROUNDS OF PRINCE NICOLAS'S SUMMER RESIDENCE AT KEPHISSIA, where Princess Marina spent many happy months as a girl

By this time the Revolution had taken place in Russia, and their grandmother had had to leave all her property and her home. They saw her once more for a short time before her death at Contrexeville, where she had gone for a cure. Princess Marina's cousin, the young King Alexander, left solitary in Athens, died suddenly from the bite of a monkey, his mother not being allowed to visit him during his fatal illness. Shortly afterwards there was an election in Greece, which brought back supporters of King Constantine in such numbers that he was asked to return. When it was found that nearly 1,000,000 people had signed a plebiscite, the King consented to return, and the whole Royal Family were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm.

But unfortunately the Greek people were not successful in the war against the New Turkey in Asia Minor, and a revulsion of feeling sent King Constantine again into exile, leaving his eldest son, George, on the throne, who later on, through further political difficulties, was overthrown by the Republicans. So again Princess Marina had to leave her much-loved country and to endure the sadness of exile.

After wandering for some time in Italy, Princess Nicolas brought her daughters to Paris. It was during a visit to England that Princess Olga, Princess Marina's eldest sister, met her future husband, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. They soon became engaged, and were married in Belgrade in 1923, and it was at their lovely country home that Princess Marina became engaged to Prince George. The English people are now waiting to welcome the beautiful Princess, who has had so chequered a life.

AT THE AGE OF NINE: A reproduction from a photograph given by Princess Marina to Madame Carolou, who instructed her in the Greek catechism

PRINCESS MARINA IN 1920

A Portrait by George Boucos, Photographer to the Greek Court, taken after the Return of King Constantine from Exile. At this Time the Princess was Thirteen Years Old

IN GREEK NATIONAL COSTUME

Princess Marina when She was Fourteen Years Old.
The Stiffly Kilted Skirt and the Shoes with High Pompons Suit her Admirably

PRINCESS MARINA OF GREECE AND DENMARK

The Beautiful Daughter of Prince and Princess Nicolas Whom England Welcomes with Joy

Dorothy Wilding

THE DUKE OF KENT AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE

A Delightful Picture Taken in London Shortly after the Announcement of the Engagement

THE DUKE OF KENT as a LITTLE BOY

His Royal Highness, in a Skirt and Neat Double-Breasted Jacket, Seen with one of His Pets at Sandringham. The Photograph is by J. Ralph, of Dersingham, Norfolk

QUEEN MARY and her FOURTH SON

Her Majesty and the Duke of Kent on the Steps of Harewood House, the Yorkshire Home of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood

When Princess Marina Fired a Gun Aboard my Flagship

And some Personal Recollections of her Family During the Great War

A FAMILY GROUP: Princess Marina (left) with her mother and her two sisters. The picture, which was taken just before the outbreak of the War, has been lent to "The Sphere" by Madame Julia Carolou who was formerly secretary to Queen Olga, wife of King George I of the Hellenes

THE ROYAL PALACE IN ATHENS which has now been converted into the Parliament House. Princess Marina often used to pay visits there to see her grandfather, King George I

By ADMIRAL MARK KERR

THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE: Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O., who was C.-in-C. of the Greek Navy from 1913 to 1915, and subsequently in command of the Adriatic Squadron

FROM 1913 to 1915 I was Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Navy and Naval Adviser to King Constantine. During this period I saw a great deal of the King's brothers, Prince Nicolas, Prince Andrew, and Prince Christopher. They were all very intelligent and very good company; but, in view of the wedding that is shortly being celebrated, I will confine my observations to Prince and Princess Nicolas and their three daughters.

Prince Nicolas was and is a very good artist. In the prosperous time of his life he painted for amusement, but of late years he has exhibited and sold his pictures with great success. He is also possessed of great tact, and has acted in the past as an unofficial ambassador for Greece in many countries.

On one occasion he staged a play and a revue to assist the wounded and their families in the War, and this showed another talent of his, for even C. B. Cochran would have been proud of the results. His wife was the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia. She is a combination of beauty, wit, and strength of mind.

All through the period after the Republic had been established in Greece she, with her husband, made a great fight, as did the other members of the Greek Royal Family, to keep their heads above water through the financial crash that had come to them. Never did they appeal for or accept financial aid. They fought through and won, all honour to them. Their children, who had started life in luxury, ably assisted their parents.

The eldest of the family, Princess Olga, is married to Prince Paul, now one of the three Regents of Yugoslavia. Their small son is at school in England. The second daughter, Princess Elizabeth, married last January Count Toerring of Bavaria. The third and youngest daughter, Princess Marina, has lately won the hearts of the people of Great Britain, since her engagement to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

The three young Princesses were very merry and happy children when I was in Greece, and the youngest had even then shown a talent for drawing, inherited from her father, and at the present day she is a very good artist.

They were all fond of music and dancing, and they looked upon England as their second home, for like all the other members of the Grecian Royal Family the children were brought up by British nurses and governesses. They liked games and sailing on the sea, and they were charming little companions with whom I sometimes played lawn tennis, absolutely unspoilt, and very easy to talk to.

One incident in the life of the youngest is interesting as showing how she, as well as all the rest of the Greek Royal Family, looked upon the Great War.

Shortly after the outbreak of the War I offered a passage in my flagship to Prince and Princess Nicolas's three children, with their British governess and nurses, to take them to Phalerum from the Island of Spetsae where they had been staying. On the way across I asked little Marina, aged seven, what she would like to do? She replied: "I should like to have a gun."

I took her up on to the upper deck and showed her how to work a 6-pdr. gun which was there; needless to say it was not loaded. I then stood back and watched the seven-year-old who, without any prompting, commenced to sink imaginary German submarines at the rate of about forty a minute, saying each time she pulled the trigger: "There's another German sunk!"

The above is only one incident out of many of the same kind, and clearly gives the lie to the many absurd stories told in the allied countries about the Royal Family of Greece. Through thick and thin, in prosperity and adversity, they were always loyal to their own country first, and secondly to Great Britain.

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO: Another group which was taken in 1920. Princess Marina, seen standing behind her mother and sisters, was even then beginning to show undoubted signs of character

DEWAR'S

The Famous

"White Label"

The First Days of the Engagement

REUNION IN PARIS: The Duke of Kent seen with Princess Marina at the Gare de l'Est after her journey across Europe from Yugoslavia. *Left*—The Royal couple in the garden of Prince Paul's summer residence in Slovenia

AMID MOUNTAINS AND PINES

Another picture taken in Prince Paul's garden on the day following the announcement of the betrothal. Even had there been no such announcement the happy expression on their faces would have given away the secret

THE DUKE OF KENT

From Boyhood to the Present Day

A ROYAL AMBASSADOR: The Duke in the grounds of the Governor-General's residence, near Cape Town, during his tour of South Africa

GEORGE EDWARD ALEXANDER EDMUND, Duke of Kent, Earl of St. Andrews, and Baron Downpatrick, is no athlete. He plays neither golf and squash like the Prince of Wales; nor golf and lawn tennis like the Duke of York; nor does he hunt and ride in steeplechases like the Duke of Gloucester; nor go racing regularly like the Princess Royal. On the other hand, he can play the piano very engagingly; he knows more about motoring than most chauffeurs; he is an expert on the movies and on music, whether it is the latest dance record from America or a concert at Salzburg.

Not quite so tall as the Duke of Gloucester, he is nevertheless the best-looking and the best dressed of the King's four sons. He has a fashionable stoop which takes off possibly an inch from his height; he has a very agreeable smile; he is extremely fond of things theatrical; and is conscious of his German blood. He is said to collect First Editions: of that I know nothing.

Born on December 20, 1902, at York Cottage, he went to St. Peter's Court, Broadstairs, and then on to the Royal Naval College at Osborne at the age of thirteen. Passing out at Dartford four years later, he slung his hammock in the *Temeraire*, and after six months was appointed to the *Iron Duke* (Sir John de Robeck commanding). His first public appearance was in the first year of the War when he was made to receive an ambulance for the Belgians, the cost of which had been defrayed by the children of Great Britain. This was at Buckingham Palace. I am told that as a small boy during the War he even learned to knit, and also used to bicycle round Windsor Great Park, but as far as I am concerned this is hearsay.

His naval service lasted for fourteen years. He served in the *Nelson*, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Hawkins*, and *Durban*. This included being stationed in China, the West Indies, and the Mediterranean. Ultimately he passed in navigation, gunnery, torpedo, and seamanship, getting a second class in the latter and a third class in the others.

IN HIGHLAND DRESS

THE SAILOR PRINCE: His Royal Highness in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant. Altogether he spent fourteen years in the Navy

A Life of Public Service

THE DAILY ROUND: The Duke engaged on one of his countless public duties. He much prefers mufti to uniform

Like his other Royal brothers, his life has always been beset with rumours; rumours that he would go into a famous cavalry regiment, that he would marry a certain Scandinavian princess (this is a very regular rumour for all English Royal princes).

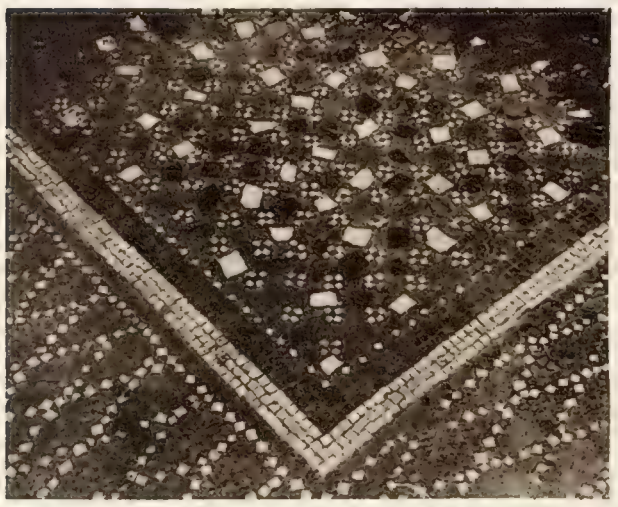
From the Navy, after a decent interval, he became a Third Secretary in the Foreign Office at the official salary of £200 a year. His hours were from eleven to six, and he was put in the Western Department, which deals with the League of Nations, France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Morocco, and the New Hebrides. On his arrival, it is chronicled, he asked what would happen to any draft or minute which he wrote, and was duly told that it would go to the head of the department for approval or amendment. It is also chronicled that he arrived in a bowler and not the soft black hat usually associated with the Foreign Office.

In the Service, and also among the Upper Ten Thousand, he has always been known as P.G. In the course of his thirty-one years he has had his appendix out; he has also had tonsillitis; he has moved his quarters from Buckingham Palace to York House; he has qualified as an interpreter in French; he has been made a Knight of the Garter; he has had instruction in dual control aeroplanes; he has become a member of the Crimes Club; he has become an admirer of Noel Coward and the Russian Ballet; he has been to prize fights with Sir Harry Preston; he has learned to like Turkish baths. He has a fancy for the Embassy Club and Quaglino's, where he likes to go in day clothes. He is a friend of Lord and Lady Milford Haven. When unofficially incognito he sometimes uses the name of "Mr. James." His closest companion is Major Ulick Alexander, who is with him in an official capacity. He has blue eyes and dark brown hair. He dances better than all his brothers put together. He is fond of Stock Exchange stories. Altogether, he is very democratic.

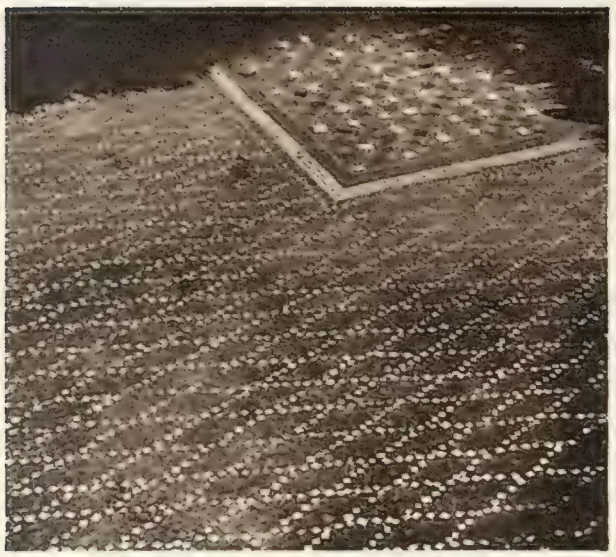
C. G.

EXCAVATIONS AT OSTIA AND ANZIO

And a Relic of the Geometric Age



FROM AN EARLY ROMAN COLONY: A remarkable mosaic which has just been unearthed at Anzio, the capital of the Volsci which was captured by Rome in 486 B.C., and where extensive excavations are now taking place



DIAMOND-SHAPED MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT ANZIO: This interesting pattern surrounds the central device shown in the upper illustration of a mosaic at Anzio

PERSEUS WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA: A fine example of Græco-Roman art of the fourth century B.C. It has only recently been brought to light and has now been installed in the new Ostia Museum

AT LEAST 2,600 YEARS OLD: An Athenian memorial vase in terra-cotta which has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It belongs to the *Geometric Age* and both its colouring and design have survived the centuries almost unimpaired

A TREASURE HOUSE OF SCULPTURE: A corner of the new museum which has been built at Ostia to house the finds made in the present excavations. Although the city was founded by King Ancus Martius in the seventh century B.C., nothing has so far been discovered which dates before the fourth century

COFFINS UNEARTHED AT OSTIA

Among the most interesting objects unearthed at Ostia are long clay coffins, two examples of which are seen above, together with a number of jars

OUT *of* DOORS

THE CHAMPION JOCKEY: Gordon Richards seen after scoring his 200th victory of the season on Lord Woolavington's Manner in the Hardwicke Plate at Derby. Although he has not done so well this year as last, he has over seventy more winners to his credit than his nearest rival, F. Fox

NO MORE "DIGS": Two young dancers, members of a theatrical touring company, have solved the problem of finding suitable accommodation by travelling and living in a motor caravan drawn by a second-hand car which they managed to buy cheaply. They are seen here entertaining an early morning visitor

A HAT TRICK: Mr. R. G. Heaton's Gays Needle which won the Kennel Club Challenge Cup for the third time in succession at last week's retriever trials at Bedale, Yorks

AT DERBY RACES: Sir Delves Broughton chatting with two friends in the paddock. The meeting was held up for one day by fog, and some unexpected outsiders did not give backers the best of the argument

BABY'S LOTION: An everyday scene at the window of the dispensary at the London Hospital

The £ s. d. of
The London Hospital

By CHARLES GRAVES

AFTER a time the repeated appeals for money from the various great hospitals of England, and in particular, London, seem to blunt one's sensibility. They are always asking for cash. They are always saying that they are in great need, or that they are falling down, or are in some other unfortunate extremity. And so they are. Meantime they refuse persistently to take any part of the fund of any suggested or existing sweepstake. But they argue that the voluntary contributions of the public total many millions more than can possibly be got even from a State lottery run in England by the Government. This seems very probable when one realizes that the London Hospital alone between 1895 and 1931 (during the chairmanship of the late Lord Knutsford) received something over £6,000,000 from the public in the form of casual remittances, legacies, annual subscriptions, and answers to special appeals.

No wonder, though, that the big hospitals are always appealing for money. The London Hospital spent £239,721 9s. 1d. in 1933. True, the accounts show that the hospital was £37,000 odd in hand at the end of the year, but this was the result of a special appeal. If you have never been to the London Hospital, you will never realize its gigantic size. It seems putting it rather low to say that it is twice the size of Trafalgar Square. In actual fact it covers eight acres. When last summer there was the special appeal for saving water, the London Hospital succeeded in lessening the cost of water for one quarter by no less than £50. Knowing how cheap water is, and at what a cut rate a big hospital gets it, you begin to realize the gigantic size of an institution like this where over 500,000 visits are paid by the public to the Out-Patients Department, and where in the course of a year over 14,000 people are admitted to the hospital.

All told, there are more than 800 beds, and the average cost to the hospital per patient per week is more than a fiver. The feeding is the cheapest part of it. This works out at the rate of 7½d. a day. Many patients, of course, are unable to swallow anything very much. Then you have patients who, because of anæmia or some other contributory cause, have to be fed on two dozen oysters a day for five weeks at a time—and how they must hate the diet even after a week!

AT THE LONDON there is the tradition of a patient who was ordered strawberries at Christmas, and of yet another who was ordered oysters in August. Many of them—again for anæmia—have to be fed on the best ox liver.

Champagne does not figure very frequently on the books, but 144 half-bottles are drunk by patients each year, together with 180 bottles of liqueur brandy. There is also a tidy amount of port and sherry which is swallowed by grateful patients. The truth is that anything the doctor orders is provided irrespective of cost. One curiosity is that patients as a whole dislike hare. Venison they like. Grilled sausages they adore. They do not know what it is, but imagine it to be a very tasty kind of mutton. Venison, not having a high market value, the owners of shoots frequently send it to the London and to other hospitals. Grouse, partridges, and pheasants, however, are sold by them to local dealers to offset the cost of their shoot.

In the course of a year it costs £10,000 to feed the nurses alone. There are three kitchens. One for them, one for the doctors, and one for the patients, many of whom, before I forget it, may be ordered as much as a quart of cream every day—and you know what cream costs. All told, the kitchen staff amounts to forty people.

Setting aside rather dull expenses like £3,400 for light, power, and heat, and £2,000 for gas, one is confronted with the cost of the laundry, which washes 60,000 pieces a week; with the salary of the nurses, and the cost of the medicines. Nurses have always been paid abominably. A probationer gets £30 a year in her first year, rising to £40 in her third year. Sisters are paid anything from £90 to £120 a year. Even then a nursing staff of 750 makes a big hole in the credit balance, although 200 of the nurses go out to cases and are paid by the patients at the rate of 3 guineas a week.

The lay staff at the London Hospital amounts to over 700 people—from boys who run messages to the cashiers and appeals department. Seventy-three of them are on the works staff; the porters staff amounts to 150; there are I don't know how many ward maids; and so it goes. The resident medical staff alone come to more than thirty. In addition, there are thirty visiting physicians, surgeons, and dentists. Every day 2,000 people are fed, from the matron down to the junior medical student at the medical college.

So far I have said nothing about the dispensary. Every year four tons of glycerine, six of bicarbonate of soda, two of carbonic acid, one of ether, two and a half of ointments, ten of cotton wool, two of lint, and five of Epsom salts (!) are used in the hospital. Nowadays, apparently, hospitals use tablets rather than pills. They are more economical and require fewer processes to manufacture; 1,500,000 a year are swallowed by reluctant patients at the London Hospital, the chief varieties being aspirin, hexamine, nux vomica, and thyroid.

Also 168,000 No. 9's are swallowed, together with about a quarter that number of C. and H.'s. Some of these pills, or rather tablets, are hot stuff. People suffering from angina pectoris are given high explosive tablets of nitro-glycerine. Almost equally explosive tablets of nitro-phenol are given for obesity. In this connection it is interesting that Blaud's pills, which for eighteen years had almost died out, have now swung back into favour in anæmia cases, and nearly 250,000 of them are summarily dealt with every year.

Not so long ago doctors were inclined to prescribe somewhat exotic medicines, and anything that is exotic costs money. To-day they go in for more ordinary prescriptions. Even then, extract of liver will cost more than 2s. a time for a single person; and it frequently happens that an out-patient will go away with a sovereign's worth of medicine under his arm.

THAT nearly 300,000 medicine bottles are used each year is a minor detail. One way and another they cost the hospital only £500 a year. On the other hand, 1,000,000 bandages are used every welve tmonths, together with 250,000 sq. yards of gauze. And if you like to work that one out, it comes to 50 acres a year. Fortunately, insulin, which used to cost £1 a dose, has now been reduced to under 1d.

To revert to food again, 4 cwt. of bread, 3 tons of potatoes, 5,000 eggs, ¾-ton of bacon, 7 cwt. of butter, are eaten each week; 250 gallons of milk are drunk. The greatest care is taken about the milk. The hospital has five 60-gallon tanks specially constructed and specially sterilized which are taken to the various dairies for filling on the spot hygienically. Every day 2 cwt. of fish—cod, plaice, haddock, turbot, herrings, and occasionally salmon—are devoured. On Fridays this goes up to 6 cwt.

To make a tour of the hospital is rather like visiting a town. At the back where the provisions and the dispensary are situated it looks like a cross between Harrods and John Bell and Croyden. Everything is speckless, and though it is a very low average indeed, considering the number of patients and the complaints and injuries from which they are suffering, it is still a slight shock to realize that on an average two people die there each day.

There is this about it, though, the hospital does not have to pay the funeral expenses.

THE HÆMOGLOBINOMETER: An intricate appliance which, by means of photo-electric cells and the use of X-rays, estimates with great accuracy the colouring matter in the blood

THE STERILIZING CHAMBER: Where everything with which patients come in contact is rendered germ free

ART TREASURES of the MIDLANDS

Birmingham's Remarkable Exhibition

Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Clifton, C.M.G., D.S.O.

"LADY CLIFTON, WIFE OF SIR GERVASE CLIFTON, SIXTH BARONET": A portrait by Philip Reinagle, R.A.; one of the many masterpieces at the Commemorative Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the Midlands which is being held until December 6 at the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

Lent by C. A. Boughton Knight

PIÈCE DE RESISTANCE: This beautiful canvas, entitled "Head of a Girl," by Jan Vermeer of Delft, is the surprise of the exhibition for, although it has been in England for over a century, its existence has been revealed to only a few. Very little indeed is known of the history of the picture, but it appears to belong to the artist's second, and finest, period when the masculine vigour of his earlier work had given place to a refined delicacy and subtlety of treatment

Lent by Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore

"MARY HARFORD," by Pierre Mignard, a painter to the French Court in the seventeenth century

Lent by B. A. Fetherston-Dilke

16TH-CENTURY ARMOUR: It is of German origin and is delicately etched with scenes from the life of Samson

Lent by Major R. Stirling

BY THE SCOTTISH REYNOLDS: Half-length portrait of a member of the Robertson family by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A. (1756–1823)

Lent by the Earl of Dartmouth

BY JOHN HOPPNER: Portrait of Lady Charlotte Legge. It was also shown at the Royal Academy exhibition of British Art last year

Lent by the Earl of Warwick

"SPANISH WARRIOR," BY GIOVANNI MORONI: As a subject painter this sixteenth-century Italian artist was not the equal of his master, Il Moretto, but as a portraitist he has had few superiors. He is said to have greatly influenced Van Dyck

The World of Books

Reviews by
VERNON FANE

I HAVE seen it stated that if Elizabeth Countess Russell had been less faithful to the traditions of *The Heir of Redcliffe*, and earlier in her career had dropped the cumbersome anonymity of "The Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden," she would by now have been the subject of the highest critical appreciation by those whose attitude to her work is one of unwarranted neglect. Yet I suspect that middle-aged Georgian who said it was only putting up a defence which inadequately covers a serious deficiency of his craft and generation. Allusion and comparison are the brick walls of the higher criticism; the wonder is that any creative work has ever been visible through them.

To a generation that has forgotten, except with an odour of faint sanctity, the social problems of Miss Braddon and the ululating music of Henry James, Lady Russell must spell bewilderment. What is the meaning, for them, of this strange blend of acid, pointed wit, exquisite descriptive prose, and the ability to draw character by inference, with the sentimentality and false social values which characterize her later work?

THE JASMINE FARM (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) for instance, bears too much evidence of the author's withdrawal from the world. There may be mothers like Lady Midhurst, but what is Terry but a pre-war minx uneasily dressed in modern manners? Tame monsters of male infidelity abound in "Elizabeth's" books; no one can be more devastatingly witty at the expense of husbands, good, bad, and indifferent. The satire was well-pointed in 1911. Twenty years after it sounds as unreal as the bedroom sentiment from which the book under review is not entirely free.

A casual remark, made at breakfast, concerning the result of a game of chess was sufficient to reveal a mésalliance between the young and attractive Lady Terence Chilgrove and Andrew Leigh, a middle-aged friend of her mother, Lady Midhurst. Andrew, unfortunately, already had a wife, also young and pretty, but an *enfant du peuple* with a vulgar and determined mother. With social blackmail as her purpose, Mumsie sails in to shatter Lady Midhurst with the news with the result that Lady Midhurst flies for refuge to her jasmine farm in the hills behind Grasse, purchased during a romantic interlude in her honeymoon, and never visited since.

Mumsie tracks her down, expecting to find a "palatial Riviera villa, all gay striped sunblinds, and jars of geraniums, with liveried servants carrying refreshments about, and she dared say an orchestra for dinner" (a *naïveté* which does not at all square with Mumsie's worldly shrewdness), only to meet a distressed and broken woman in a small house.

All is neatly gathered into the happiest of endings, slightly marred by the visit of an incredible German Count, and the book ends characteristically on Rosie's happiness with "bright new frocks and no husband."

Yes, there is wit, dexterity, ripples of laughter, and some lovely prose in this, as in all "Elizabeth's" books. The pity is that she persists in hedging her exceptional talent with brick walls of her own making.

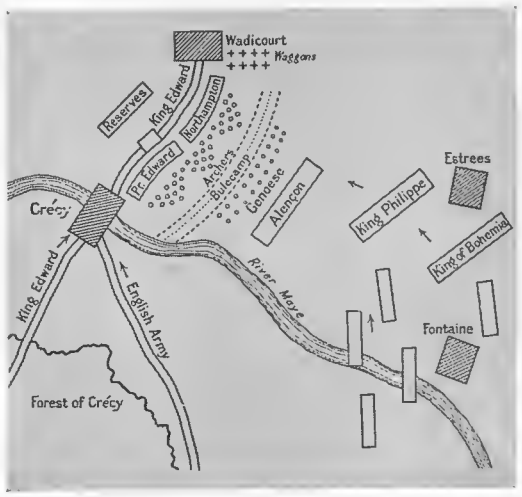
A hearty among satirists is Mr. A. G. Macdonell. Readers will remember with what gusto he distributed his thwackings in *England Their England*. In HOW LIKE AN ANGEL (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) he distributes them over a larger area, and his antics at the expense of the kind of ballyhoo which surrounds the visit of a prominent film star to this country is uproarious fun.

Hugo Bechstein Smith was wrecked as a baby upon a desert island with three missionaries, one English (who taught him how to keep a straight bat, and the correct Etonian attitude to life), one French (from whom he learned about women and certain other essentials), and one German (who grounded him in worldly philosophy). His rescue, subsequent kidnapping, and journey to England as a bogus film star are a veritable riot of fun at the expense of everything such a young man would find strange.

To point the laughter that abounds in this book I could quote for ever. I can only spare the space to relate the delightful fact that from his Etonian mentor he learned at least one of the great Shakespearian speeches, "the one in which Cymbeline is exhorting the Scots to attack Harfleur," beginning:—

To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Sleep that knits up the revelled sleeve of care.

In GREY GRANITE (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.) that powerful novelist Mr. Lewis Grassic Gibbon, completes the trilogy he began with *Sunset Song* and *Cloud Howe*. By any standards this is a great work, and the fortunes of Chris Colquhoun and her son Ewan embody a picture of modern Scottish life that has the rare quality of permanence.



WHERE 40,000 ENGLISH ROUTED 100,000 FRENCH: A sketch-map showing the disposition of the two forces before the Battle of Crecy on August 26, 1346. King Edward and his men wisely made their stand on a ridge between the towns of Crecy and Wadicourt, thus compelling their hot-headed adversaries to advance on them up a slope. This illustration is taken from M. Coryn's life of "The Black Prince," which has just been published by Arthur Barker, Ltd.

Anyone who can read unmoved the description of Ewan's ordeal at the police station after he has been arrested as a "Red" had better, for the future, leave Mr. Grassic Gibbon's books alone. The rest will eagerly await everything he cares to write.

Jan and Cora Gordon have been travelling again, and the book which is the pleasantly inevitable result of their voyages is PORTUGUESE SOMERSAULT (Harrap. 10s. 6d.). Actually they paid two visits to Portugal. The first, in 1926, which was unfortunate in many respects and left them—one with a high temperature and the other with a passionate determination never to visit Portugal again. The mistake they had made, as Mr. Gordon explains, was that they went there "expecting to find a variant of Spain." In spite of their disappointment, or rather their lack of adjustment, they had their fair share of adventure, and made two singularly interesting discoveries. The first, that the toothpicks in that country are the most beautiful in the world; and the second, that "in the regions of Coimbra the native love of music is such that a servant girl won't stay in a house where she is not allowed to sing at her work."

The second expedition, which moved off in good order in May, 1933, had better fortune and their time was mostly spent in the south of Portugal where the weather and the people and the country itself seemed more welcoming. The book is written lightly and with humour and illustrated by the authors. I particularly liked the drawing of the young fish seller blowing up his wares like balloons in order to make them more attractive to housewives.

SPANISH RAGGLE-TAGGLE (John Murray. 10s. 6d.) is a very different but equally enchanting account of travels. The author, Walter Starkie, is Professor of Spanish in Dublin University and sets off his professorial dignity by spending the summer months wandering round Spain as a vagabond minstrel, earning his bread by fiddling for it. The Romany tribes have the strongest fascination for Professor Starkie, and it is with them, rather than with the Castilians and the Spanish Basques, that he spends his happiest and most lively moments.

A book of short stories by the distinguished author of *Spanish Farm* should be a publishing event of some importance, but I was frankly disappointed by THE BANQUET (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) which is a collection of twelve of Mr. Mottram's slighter works. It must always be a handicap to an author to have written one book or one play so immensely successful that every successive thing he publishes is referred back to it, and measured alongside it as against an exact and unchanging measure. This, of course, is an easy thing to do in the case of Mr. Mottram, and even occasionally just. But it would be unjust to deny to him the opportunity of experimenting in whatever form he chooses. He writes so well, too, that nothing from his pen can be unentertaining. It is only as an admirer of his that I would like him to persist in a form in which he is so much more likely to be successful.

COMEDIAN (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) is a very rare book. Miss Kathleen Hewitt, too, is a very individual writer, and she has given us a novel which is both vivid and quickly moving. Here is an author whose characters have the authentic touch of life, and who are as familiar to us as our own friends, though sometimes they appear a little more enterprising. Adam Dane, a well-known actor who is the unheroic hero of the story, is an interesting study of a man who has never recovered from the War, of which at least one reminder is a severe head wound. Although he is very successful on the stage his own life is erratic, untidy, and for the most part drunken. His daughter, Cherry, is the only steady quantity in his unhappy world, and he finally loses even her in as tragic and futile a way as his own peace has left him. There is nothing morbid in the telling of the story, and even a few glimpses of humour.

Mr. J. E. S. Moore has, I agree with the publisher, written a very unusual book. It consists of five long anecdotes written in the most vigorous and unconventional style, and dealing breezily with such phenomena as Somaliland, suiciding butlers, and ladies with eyes as "green as leeks." There is also a really charming encounter with Queen Victoria. FIVE FOOLISH VIRGINS (Simpkin. 7s. 6d.) certainly does not err on the side of coherency but it rattles cheerfully along, and has a welcome lack of literary pretensions.

Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's terrifying cover design prepared me for some of the horrors of war described in EXODUS A.D. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) which he has written in collaboration with Princess Paul Troubetzkoy. It is a story of the collapse of civilization which might occur in England at the outbreak of another, and internal, war. It is sincerely written and almost too vivid; but, in such a case as this, that is a good fault.

SKETCHES MADE ON AN ENVELOPE BY PRINCE RUPERT: The famous cavalry leader, who forms the subject of a new biography by Clennell Wilkinson (Harrap. 8s. 6d.), had considerable artistic ability, and in his idle moments he developed the habit of sketching heads and human figures on any piece of paper he happened to find lying about. Some examples of this casual scribbling are now preserved in the British Museum

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On page 332 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past few weeks.

THINKING OF PARTIES

In the midst of a week which marks the climax of a brilliant season one's thoughts are filled with plans for party frocks and for looking one's best.

Nothing adds so greatly to a woman's self-respect as a coiffure which flatters not only her features but her individuality. There is so much more to a successful coiffure than just a clever arrangement of waves and curls.

This is a thing which is very well understood by Emile, of 24, Conduit Street, W., two of whose newest creations are seen on this page. The one on the right has all the guileless charm of youth, and the softly curled fringe is arranged with consummate artistry.

The second photograph shows a side and front view of another coiffure. Cut in steps and lightly curled across the front, the hair, which is quite short, is brushed upwards and curled high at the back.

A visit to Emile is the perfect antidote to that tired feeling when one grows so weary of one's own face and of all the clothes that one possesses.

Curled Fringes

Streamlined Tresses

For the hostess, or for dining impressively at any fashionable restaurant, nothing could be more effective than the dress on the right.

Made in a luxurious black broché taffeta, its upward sweeping peplum has a most slenderizing effect and its every line is full of dignity and grace. It can be made from 10 guineas, by Lilla of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, W.1.

Their new catalogue, full of interesting designs, will gladly be sent on request, together with a large range of patterns of materials suitable for all types of winter frocks.

It includes coats, suits, some exceptionally attractive afternoon dresses in uncrushable figured crêpe suède, evening models, full details of their well-known re-modelling service, with a comprehensive list of charges, sports frocks, tropical outfits, and a collection of those smocked dresses and overalls for which Lilla has always been renowned.

A Dramatic Silhouette

MOPING MELANCHOLY: John Gielgud in the title rôle of Hamlet. The play, which was presented at the New Theatre last week and which is reviewed below by Philip Page, is regarded as the most important theatrical production of the present season. It had a great reception on the first night

STAGE OF THE

John Gielgud's Triumph : The Youth of Disraeli Ineffectually Portrayed : Elisabeth Bergner to Appear in a J. M. Barrie Play

By PHILIP PAGE

MR. JOHN GIELGUD'S Hamlet, which aroused admiration but only mild interest when it was seen at the Old Vic, has been acclaimed a triumph in St. Martin's Lane, which would seem to suggest that one can do a lot of things at the New Theatre that one cannot do in the New Cut. In that it is an attractive and charming performance (for here is indeed a "well-graced actor"), Mr. Gielgud has earned his triumph.

In his production no economy has been spared; it is tasteful, and no fault can be found with the extreme simplicity; which has sometimes been known to offend as much as extreme lavishness.

But I am amazed to find so much praise for Mr. Gielgud's Hamlet on the score of its manly vigour, for that was a quality which it appeared to me conspicuously to lack. If the theory be accepted that the lines of this play are so familiar that it matters little whether one hears them or not, here is a perfect exposition of it. I cannot myself accept that theory any more than I could tolerate an orchestra which allowed bar after bar of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven to lapse into inaudibility because it figures on concert programmes with, possibly, undue frequency.

Mr. Gielgud may have, vocally, a giant's strength; he is over-anxious to avoid the tyranny of using it like a giant. He is a very princely prince, a Hamlet whose sorrows made him pathetic, and whose philosophic mind finds itself out of joint with the surrounding murder and sordid intrigue. His thoughts are obviously noble, but when he thinks aloud he rushes into an ignoble hurry about it, and is too often too confidential.

In short, there are times when he underplays, and Hamlet is one of the few parts which it is better to overplay than underplay. I have a regard that is not altogether a sneaking one for the full-blooded Hamlets of the past who would be "ham" Hamlets to-day Intellectuality in this prince of parts is a desirable quality, yet it is not the essential quality, which is two-fold—dramatic force, and eloquently beautiful delivery of every line Shakespeare wrote. Besides, intellectual performances are largely a matter of imagination—of imagination, that is to say, on the part of the audience, who can usually read into an actor's brain anything they wish to read. Frankly, I have never been able to understand why Hamlet the thinker should invariably be declared to be absent from any interpretation of the part—Mr. Henry Ainley's, for instance—which is wholly acceptable to the ear. The reason can probably be found in a familiar form of mental snobbery.

Mr. Gielgud had, let it be said, some fine moments. He roused himself and played the man in the graveyard scene, in which, for some strange reason, Ophelia was buried at the top of a flight of steps. The scene with his mother, when not marred by some lapses into whispers, was powerful and poignant, with Miss Laura Cowie the most convincing Queen I have ever seen.

With a fragmentary suggestion of Henry VIII about his reddish wisps of hair, Mr. Frank Vosper made Claudius as kingly and as subtle as ever he made that happier monarch, and Mr. Jack Hawkins was a healthy and muscular if somewhat bad-tempered Horatio. Mr. George Howe was wise not to "play for laughs" as Polonius, and was on that account vastly successful. Mr. Ben Field contrived as the grave-digger to be amusing with comedy material which I am impertinent enough to rate as precious poor stuff. Ophelia is, by her very nature and position in the play, both feckless and feeble. Miss Jessica Tandy made the girl seem negligible and her madness mere play-acting.

I thought the dresses on the precious side—Hamlet attended the funeral in a sort of burnous made of white fur, which suited Mr. Gielgud but not the scene—and the incidental music very good indeed.

"Young Mr. Disraeli."

—Miss Elswyth Thane indulges in the strange, though harmless, hobby of writing plays about the early years of celebrities she has never seen. Recently at the Kingsway Theatre we saw her interesting but short-lived play about the youthful Queen Elizabeth. At the same theatre has now been produced *Young Mr. Disraeli*, in which we see the great statesman before he was great (and, if I may say so, showing no sign at all of ever becoming great).

In the distant future are the humble obeisance to Queen Victoria and the discreet flattery, the peace with honour, and the squireship of Hughenden. Indeed, instead of Hughenden we have a bit of Bloomsbury, and there is altogether too much *otium cum dignitate* about that early part of the play, which moves in stately but lethargic fashion. The prologue—for that is what it amounts to—shows us old Isaac Disraeli, an innovation in the spate of Disraeli plays, most of which are concerned with a hero too old to have a father living. Mr. Stanley Lathbury plays the part and plays it well, but it is heavy going.

(Left) CONVERSATION PIECE

Polonius (*George Howe*): What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet (*John Gielgud*): Words, words, words.

Polonius: What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet: Between who?

Polonius: I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Hamlet: Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled . . . and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Polonius, aside: Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.

DAY

The remainder of the play is devoted mainly to young Dizzy's political triumphs and disappointments, to his staunch men friends, and to his devotion to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis which Miss Sophie Stewart played very sincerely and prettily.

Dizzy himself, however, was colourful only in his clothes. That was hardly, I think, the fault of Mr. Derrick de Marney. The trouble with an historical play that has no history in it is that it need not be about an historical character at all. This young man was labelled Disraeli, but it might have been any other youth of the period, chatting about his career and falling in love, and a rather nebulous youth at that. Disraeli cannot have been nebulous at any time. It is too much to ask of any actor that he should give indications of what the character he is playing will do forty years after the curtain falls.

Miss Iris Ashley was excellent as the worthy Henrietta, and one of the best performances of all was that of Miss Annie Esmond as an elderly lady's maid.

"LOVERS' LEAP"—OUT OF MATRIMONY: Two scenes from the successful comedy at the Vaudeville. *Above*—Helen Storer (Nora Swinburne), her husband, Roger Storer (Owen Nares), Cedric Norreys (Walter Hudd), and Sarah Traille (Ursula Jeans) in the last episode in the play. The two men are making a hurried breakfast preparatory to leaving their womenfolk—presumably for ever—and setting out for Egypt to study archæology, a subject which evidently has more attraction for them than marriage. *Right*—Helen (Nora Swinburne) is not amused

Yeichi Nimura.—I have seen several Japanese dancers, the contortions of most of them being as unintelligible to me as the Japanese language. Mr. Yeichi Nimura, however, is in a different class, not because he is more intensely Japanese but because he tempers his native art with a few European methods. This may make it a hybrid art, but it is at least easier to comprehend. His recital at the Arts Theatre Club I enjoyed for its grace, its demonstration that muscularity can be beautiful, and its ingenuity.

Whatever a "Cosmic Poem" may be, in a terpsichoreal sense, Mr. Nimura treated us to three of them, and they must have been very tiring, although not for the audience. The Samurai was uncompromisingly Japanese and uncompromisingly war-like.

THE BUCCANEER: Flora Robson as Mary Read—the famous eighteenth-century woman pirate—in the play by James Bridie and Claude Gurney which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre this week following a successful try-out in Manchester. Robert Donat, who has recently returned from Hollywood, is also in the cast

Re-enter Mr. Cochran.—Whenever Mr. C. B. Cochran takes his trips abroad he returns with a present for his London public. If he goes to Spain he returns with a Spanish girl—of course, the most beautiful girl in the world. From America he has now brought a mouth-organ-playing American.

I have not heard Mr. Larry Adler, this mouth-organist, but if he can make a mouth-organ sound other than feeble and nasty I will present him with half-a-dozen of them. The official *communiqué* is that he can "hold vast audiences, both in variety theatres and at classical concerts, spell-bound with the mastery of his instrument."

What is more important is that Mr. Cochran is to produce the long-awaited Barrie play, with a trial run in, appropriately enough, the beautiful city of Edinburgh before it comes to London. Sir James has been silent, as far as the stage is concerned, for some years now, and his last play was not, it was generally considered, up to his usual form. But the choice of Elisabeth Bergner for the leading lady should spur him on; the great little man is specially writing it for this great little actress.

The whole world of the theatre, and its public, will rejoice to hear of the recovery after a long, long illness of Mr. Henry Ainley. A couple of summers ago he was his old self, and we spent many week-ends together, going for long walks in the remoter parts of Essex. Then ill-health visited again, and for over a year he was at a hospital in Tottenham. This he has now left, and there is every probability that he will be acting again in London next year and, indeed, he has signed a contract to do so.

Special "Sphere" pictures

At the Shilling.—It was in Mr. St. John Ervine's *The Second Mrs. Fraser* that Mr. Ainley made one of his biggest successes shortly before his breakdown; this, too, was the last play Mr. St. John Ervine wrote until *Anthony and Anna*, which has just been produced at the Shilling Theatre.

This is an admirable bob's worth—and a good deal more—and it should certainly eventually be seen in the West End, where it will have a long run. The chief figure, Anthony, is a constant, if not a professional, diner-out. He is amusing over the dinner table, but that is his sole work, for he is a hopeless idler. So that he can idle still more he sets about marrying a millionaire's daughter.

The author makes Anthony talk with such convincing humour that it is not difficult to take for granted his dinner-table reputation. Pleasantly hedonistic philosophy is ably expounded, and there are refreshing touches of extravagance. Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Carol Goodner carry off the honours.

PONY-POWER! The "Rytecraft" Scoota-car, a tiny 1-h.p. car which can be used either for advertising or carrying goods. It is on show at the Public Health Exhibition which opened at the Agricultural Hall this week

THE PETROL WORLD

The Traffic Signals Problem — Dangerous Parking—The Simplest of All Easy-Change Gears—New Showrooms for Morris Cars

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The Automobile Association have let it be known that their legal department has had to deal with an alarming number of prosecutions on behalf of their members who have fallen foul of the regulations at crossings where traffic lights are installed. The Association is of the opinion that the cases dealt with during last month show an increase of over 200 per cent. as compared with those which arose in October, 1933. Even if we take into account the greater number of light-controlled crossings the increase still remains alarming. It would seem that far too many motorists are unaware of the true meaning of the signals when the amber light shows by itself or in conjunction with the red. I suppose that in time the real meaning of signals will become, as it were, second nature to a driver, and that the number of prosecutions will sooner or later show a decrease. I think everybody agrees that these transgressions against the regulations are not wilful but happen through ignorance. It is, therefore, the duty of every driver to acquaint himself or herself as to the meaning of the lights, and I am sure that this lesson will be made much easier if the student will write to the A.A. and ask for one of their coloured leaflets which explains the lights and their significance in easy language. These leaflets are sent out post free.

Whilst mentioning the subject of traffic lights I must confess that I sometimes find myself in difficulties, although I know exactly what they mean. On two occasions recently I have been in a quandary and I should not have been surprised had a policeman been on the spot that he might not have agreed with the course of action which I took. The first occurred at the foot of Putney Hill which leads up to the Common from the High Street. At this cross-road buses turn completely round and on the occasion in question the bus which was on my left wanted to make its turn and held me up whilst it completed its manœuvre. By the time it had passed across my bows the green light which had given the signal to both of us had turned to amber yet I was not more than one-third across the distance controlled by the lights. I went on. It is difficult to see what else a driver could do although the cars coming into the crossing from my near side were evidently annoyed because I naturally held them up although they had been given the green light. The second occasion was at a crossing in the Fulham Road and not far from the Brompton Oratory. In this case the green light turned to amber just as I was about to pass it. I pulled up and found myself just about a car's length past the signal. For some extraordinary reason there is no duplication of the signals at this particular crossing, so that having just passed it I was unable to tell when it came round to green again. I stuck to my position until there was a general chorus of hooters which seemed to indicate to me that the all-clear signal had been given.

There must be many other crossings such as the two I have mentioned which are not properly laid out and operated. Then again, I wonder how many motorists, when they drive in a city like London, where traffic lights are to be found almost every hundred yards, find themselves in a continual funk as to whether they will unintentionally commit an offence against the regulations. When I approach a traffic-controlled crossing, my heart is in my mouth as to whether the green light will turn to amber before I have time to get past the signal. Unless the country wishes a large proportion of its population to spend the latter years of their lives in mental hospitals, something should be done to elaborate the signals so that, on approaching, a motorist can tell how much longer the green will continue to shine. Many ideas have been put forward, some of them extremely simple and, I should say, effective. I put forward a strong plea that one or other of these schemes should be put into operation.

We have an energetic Minister of Transport, and I suggest that he would earn the true gratitude of all motorists, and would probably contribute towards the safety of the roads, if he could do something to regulate all lights on or near the public highways. I believe he is very keen to place all the roads of the country under the control of the Ministry of Transport. I think this would be a good thing from many points of view, but especially from the angle to which I have alluded. It is really quite confusing to users of the road at night time to see hundreds of red lights and yet never be quite certain whether one of them may not be a traffic signal which was intended to bring him to a standstill. Then again, unthinking and self-motorists still continue to park their cars facing the opposing stream of traffic. There is really no excuse for such a dangerous practice, yet examples are to be encountered every night in any district. Red, green, and amber lights should have only one meaning, and if doctors wish to make their residences more conspicuous, or if the various authorities who break up roads must warn motorists of obstructions, there are other different coloured lights which could be used. I feel certain that this is a problem which Mr. Hore-Belisha could tackle with great energy and success, but, of course, it is doubtful if he can do very much until he succeeds in having the administration of all the roads, or at least the main highways, brought under the control of one authority.

The other day I was lucky enough to drive a car fitted with a very simple mechanism which appeared to me to give the death sentence to every synchromesh gear-box at present fitted to a chassis. The vehicle in question was fitted with a device known as "Warren's Easy-Change Gear." Without going into technicalities this piece of mechanism is fitted behind an ordinary gear-box of the crash gear type. It is a synchronizer but owing to the position in which it is placed it operates on all gears which the gear-box provides. At the moment a great number of cars only give a synchromesh change on the top and third gears. At Olympia this year, however, more than one firm adopted a gear-box giving synchromesh on all gears, but a separate synchronized clutch in such cases must be very expensive to manufacture. The Warren, however, gives the driver synchronized changes throughout and yet its expense can be no more than if only one gear was so fitted in the ordinary manner. It seems to be one of those simple things that immediately make one think why it was not produced before. I drove the car and found that the claims made for this piece of mechanism were amply confirmed. The driver has a gear-change which is absolutely silent and in addition has a free-wheel also at his command. The free-wheel effect is controlled in a very simple manner and is effected in this way. The accelerator pedal is released and the clutch pedal is depressed and allowed to come back to its normal position. By so doing the car will free-wheel and to lock it all that is necessary is to rev. up the engine when the drive once more becomes solid. I should be very surprised indeed if this synchronizer is not fitted on many cars for the following season.

Messrs. Stewart and Arden, Ltd., who are the Morris Distributors for the Metropolis have recently opened their magnificent showrooms known as Morris House in Berkeley Square. These premises are really the last word and no expense seems to have been spared in making them efficient and at the same time pleasant to look upon. The business done by this famous firm is gigantic, yet I can well remember what I suppose were their first showrooms in Woodstock Street where there was room for about six motor cars. On many occasions some of the earliest Morris cars were lent to me by Mr. Gordon Stewart, and I took possession of them from these small premises which housed the firm in those early days. Mr. Stewart has been faithful to Morris cars and it is, therefore, very pleasing to see his latest building; and judging by the huge turnover which the firm now enjoys I feel certain that he has been rewarded for that faithfulness. It has not been in any way a matter of luck, for his success is due entirely to, first of all, spotting a winner when its form was quite unknown, and secondly, in looking after his customers in an efficient straightforward manner, which gave and still gives every satisfaction to his customers.

When dealing with the exhibits at the recent Olympia Show I allowed a mistake to creep in. I referred to the Alvis Firebird model as a 14-h.p. 6-cylinder car. This was obviously incorrect for the Firebird had a 4-cylinder engine and a very good one at that, so I hasten to make this correction and make my apologies for the mistake.

AN INTERESTING NEWCOMER: The latest Riley model is a 15-h.p. "six" with aero-lined coachwork which is exceptionally roomy and comfortable. At £365, preselecta gear transmission is included this year as a standard feature

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EMILIO COLOMBO, who was chief Court violinist to the late Tsar of Russia and who is reviving the musical glories of old St. Petersburg in an "hour of music" at the Dorchester on Sunday evenings

IN THE GARDEN OF HIS ITALIAN VILLA: Emilio Colombo with the "muted" violin on which he practises. It cannot be heard 6 ft. away

Wonders of the Workshop

At the Machine Tool and Engineering Exhibition at Olympia

WHAT is the secret behind the year's production of some 350,000 motor cars in this country, and their amazing price values? Mainly a matter of tools.

The spacious halls of Olympia which recently housed the world's most sumptuous show of wonder cars now contains the world's finest collection of machine tools, valued at some £2,000,000, and predominantly British. Without these tools there would be no such cars or D.H. Comets blazing their trail across half the globe in seventy-one hours. The outstanding feature of this great bustling, whirring workshop is also unparalleled speed, with its twin partner, power.

Tool driving methods have passed through the various stages of bowstring, treadle, water wheel, steam and gas engines, transmitting their power through shafting and belts, till now the electric motor reigns supreme. Switch-gear and push-button controls take the place of the man-operated levers and wheels, saving much time and human energy. Some machines exhibited are so complete in this respect that it is little exaggeration to say that the operator sits in front of his job, pushing a button here, pulling a small lever there, and even operating foot pedals, while the raw material entering one end of the machine pours out as the finished article at the other.

A 40-ton lathe on view turns the tyres of locomotive wheels. A pair of wheels, already fixed on the axle, is rolled on to the centre of the lathe bed. An electric hoist raises it up to the exact position, other motors move the two headstocks inwards to grip the axle, the multiple tool-rests are moved up to the cutting position, and the two wheels are machined. Similar functions in reverse order take place, and the complete axle and wheels are rolled off again on rails, the whole operation taking only eight minutes practically all by push-button control.

Among the smaller machines we see the costly automatic lathes producing little screws, nuts, and parts of a thousand different shapes. Broadly speaking, the operations are similar on most automatic and semi-automatic lathes, and may be briefly described as follows. A long bar of steel or brass is fed into the machine through its hollow spindle, being driven round at two or three thousand revolutions a minute. A set of tools mounted on a turret is pushed up in turn, each doing its separate function—turning, drilling, screwing the thread, etc.—until the final parting off to exact length, while a continuous stream of cooling lubricant floods the work. Small parts are turned out complete at the rate of one a second, or three or four thousand an hour. Even fractions of a second count in this work. Some such lathes run as many as six bars through simultaneously, thereby making six articles at once.

Scores of drilling machines of all types and sizes are seen, from giants about 20 ft. high, boring holes several inches in diameter, down to one operating a drill no bigger than a fine needle, which is driven by a miniature air turbine running at the inconceivable speed of 80,000 revolutions a minute. Multiple spindle drilling machines are shown which will drill twenty-six holes at a time, while one has been made of this type for drilling sixty holes at once in the crank case of an aeroplane engine.

Large planing machines are there, ploughing through great blocks of metal, like cheese, at a rate of 300 ft. a minute; circular saws cutting through large columns of steel, and grinding machines of enormous size working to a thousandth part of an inch. For many of these machines magnetic chucks are used, up to 6 ft. in diameter, holding the job as firmly as in a vice, and requiring only to be switched on or off, instead of laborious bolting down to the machine. Cutting machines, using gas jets, go through 12 in. of solid steel, or, like a fret saw, cut out irregular shapes from steel plates for such work as locomotive frames, at ten to thirty times the speed by other methods.

There are large forging hammers, driven by steam or compressed air, controlled merely by a foot pedal or hand lever. The control is so sensitive that in some cases it would be possible to lay a watch on the anvil and strike a blow with a hammer-head weighing half a ton, which would only break the glass, leaving the rest of the watch intact.

Space does not permit more than a passing reference to the endless other interesting exhibits, such as wood-working machines cutting out intricate shapes at lightning speed, lifting magnets which pick up enormous masses of iron bars, electric switch-gears uncanny in their almost human actions, micrometer gauges which will measure to 100,000th part of an inch, and tool furnaces which automatically regulate the high temperatures used to within 2 deg. at say 1,500 deg. temperature, all combining to make Britain still the best workshop of the world, and British craftsmen second to none. Edwin H. Judd

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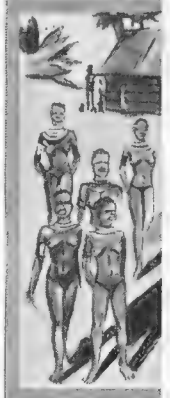

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A CITY WITH TWO UNDERWORLDS

(*Continued from p. 300*)

stamp of British leather goods, and they were well covered with the labels of the leading hotels of the world.

All sorts of articles of clothing were for sale; but if a gold watch or, for the matter of that, any article of jewellery is desired, it is necessary to give a nod and a wink which is understood, and then to step round the corner to see the goods and to fix a price. No questions asked.

My companion the detective strolled around and about, nodding to those he knew, but, I remarked, being furtively regarded by nearly everybody in the Market. Then, with the air of a man asking me home for a cup of tea, the detective said: "Let's go and have a look at the *quartier des bandits*," as they call the Thieves' Quarter.

The place was quite close to the Municipal Opera House, where the thieves and entourage gather in two cafés. There was a moment of dead silence as we went into the first café. A buzz of conversation, as we opened the door, and then an uncanny silence, and then the buzz again. Just like a cinema when they cut the sound out of a picture for a few seconds.

My companion went over to the zinc bar, tapped a young man on the shoulder, and then the two came back to our table. The young man was smartly dressed in grey—hat, tie, and suit blended beautifully. There followed one of the most fantastic conversations I have ever heard. The young man was an Algerian-born Frenchman, flashy looking, but quite presentable, manners very smooth and easy.

"Your damned policemen held me up for hours last night," said the Algerian, lighting a cigarette, "but they had to let me go; they'll get nothing on me."

Then the detective asked the young fellow how many girls he had now. The youngster shrugged his shoulders and said he did not remember; four, five, six—what did it matter, anyhow? He went on to remark that he knew the police were after him for cocaine running, but inquired bitterly why they didn't go after the men higher up, the men who could afford to pay for protection? The detective insisted that the Marseilles police would "get him yet." The Algerian, with sublime impertinence, had a protest to make. He said his flat had been robbed, and "Vera's fur coat stolen,' but the police wouldn't allow him to make a charge.

He took a deep drink, stood up, and then said: "Know what I'd be if I wasn't a crook? I'd be a detective, do you know for why? Because I'd stay in the police long enough to make some money, and then I'd retire and open a private detective agency."

My detective companion was not a bit put out, but it seemed to me that I had learned quite a lot about the underworld of Marseilles.

There is a sweet, sickly smell of rotting wheat in the Port. A sword-swallower is giving his performance to a few apathetic onlookers, beachcombers, idle sailormen. There is a rattling of cranes. Men with red-rimmed eyes, tattered clothes, and heel-less shoes potter about among the débris of the docks; men who suffer from sea-fever, who cannot drag themselves away from the rotting wheat, the tang of the sea, the wineshops along the quay, from the women, sirens of the shore, who clutter up the reeking side streets of the so-called Reserved Quarter, which means reserved for vice.

"HIC, HAEC, HOCK": This is the original title of a new book on alcoholic beverages which Frederick Muller has just published for Lieut.-Commander C. R. Benstead. The author (seated) is seen with some of the charming vigneronnes in the Champagne country and with Tom Clarke (centre), the well-known journalist, and Arthur Malley, the former Australian test-match bowler

The negroes, the silent black men at the corner of the narrow street, politely make way for the police detective and myself. The street was pitch dark, as black as the black men who move up and down in solemn and silent procession; but all the way up the inclined street were slots of orange light, and one looked into small rooms containing iron bedsteads; across each doorway was a curtain, and sometimes the slot of orange light would be blotted out by a woman's arm, passed through the curtain with an easy movement born of long practice. The kimono-clad women are neither young nor beautiful; they are coarse-featured and buxom, but the massive black men, the Senegalese in khaki uniforms, the negroes from the ships, move up and down perfectly silently, whispering here and there, and then a shot of orange light would be blotted out.

And while the black men move up and down, and the women talk, little half-caste children play in the gutters, entirely forgotten.

Leaving the negro quarter I came into another street, where gramophones and automatic pianos made a great noise. Here the houses are finely built, well-proportioned, and they look like aristocrats who have strayed into depravity. The explanation is simple. This part of the city was known as the "Noble Quarter," and was the best part of Marseilles until the French Revolution.

Now it is a human rabbit warren. The former homes of the aristocrats have become the so-called "tolerated houses."

We visited the tiny little Chinese section—not a "Chinatown," but, according to the Marseilles police, the most difficult section of the underworld to handle. Here is no noise at all, very different from the real China. Here, however, the initiated can find a game of Fan-Tan, or a pipe of opium. Men in long black silk gowns, with hands folded across the chest, stand in the doorways and bow politely as we pass. Some places are just ordinary-looking Chinese restaurants, and others are French-looking wineshops, although the proprietors are Chinese. My companion in this walk round the underworld said that except when there is a murder—and there was one two days after this particular visit—the police have no chance whatsoever of discovering the dens and the gaming houses; and a Chinaman never "squeals" to the French police.

In relating exactly what I have acquired through personal knowledge of the underworlds of Marseilles I am trying to be neutral, and neither to attack nor defend the police of the Mediterranean city which has acquired such evil notoriety. To those who know this city it came as very little surprise to learn that a king and a statesman had been murdered in broad daylight. Marseilles is a place where anything at all can happen. Graft is so rampant that even the most innocent persons become caught up in the nefarious wheel and are whirled round and round until they are destroyed. Chicago methods beneath a blue sky, gorgeous surroundings, nice hotels; and it is all done so neatly, so very much behind the scenes, that the everyday happenings are to most people merely newspaper headlines.

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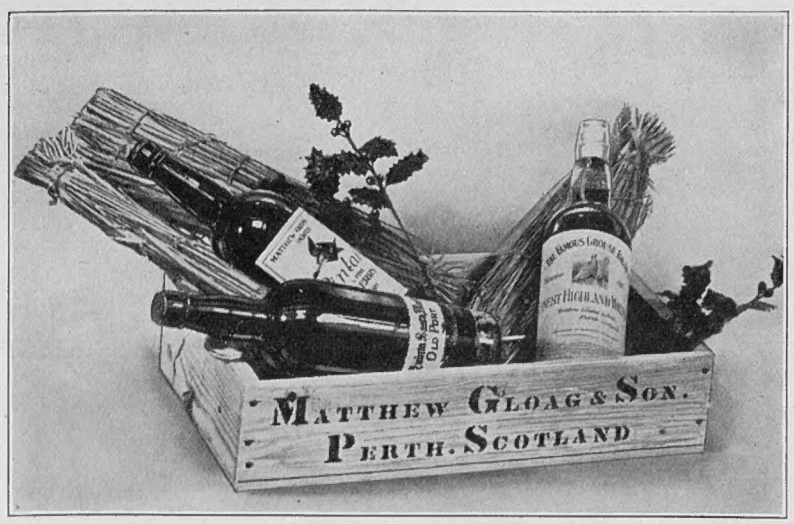

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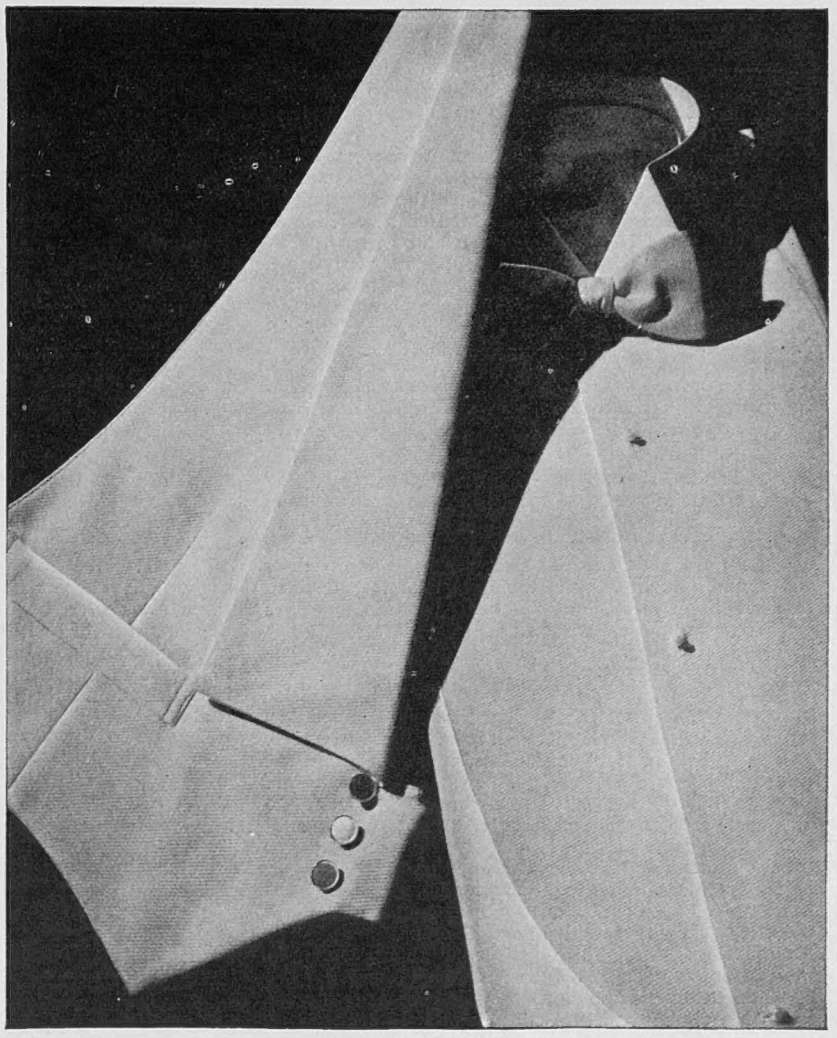

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THE WORDIE ARCTIC EXPEDITION

(Continued from p. 302)

Returning back to Melville Bay we were able after some further delay to make a little progress through the ice, but soon found ourselves tied up to the pack waiting for a lead to open ahead of us. Here for days we remained hoping for a spell of stormy weather to come and break up the ice, while for three weeks we experienced calm and sunny weather. To relieve the monotony of cruising up and down the fringe of the pack we made an excursion to the Devil's Thumb Island where two of the party succeeded in making an ascent of the rock pinnacle. At this island we were able to observe the manners and habits of the Greenlanders who live almost without contact with civilization, gaining a scanty existence hunting with implements cunningly carved from the ivory of walrus and narwhal backed up by an ancient and rusty musket, their most prized possession. After this interlude we resumed our "beat" up and down the edge of the pack until August 10, when we decided to go south about the pack and cross Baffin Bay to Baffin Land. In this we were more fortunate, and during the three weeks we spent in Baffin Land we were able to map considerable portions of the coast and two deep fiords which ran far inland to the very heart of a great mountain range. Then, with the approach of winter and a quantity of ice upon the coast, we decided to head homewards, and reached Aberdeen ten days after rounding Cape Farewell. **M. H. W. Ritchie**

LONDON

(Continued from p. 304)

illuminate the pavements! London has become 'lit up' all right—la ville lumière—it has captured that title, too. Yes, I think of all your assets, your shops take first place. I am sure half the people who come to London come to buy in them. Then, your transport. The change in that contributes greatly. It is a fundamental in what has come about. It tempts people, hundreds of thousands of them, to move about and buy, and lends an animation that is unique to the streets. For speed, smoothness, range, and comfort, the buses and coaches are unique." (I interposed about the speed, and the American said we'd finish by having to have a speed limit in London and obligatory pedestrian crossings.)

Another factor the foreign visitor associates with London's cheerful picture concerns the high standard of living enjoyed by the great background element composed of the shopkeeping, clerical, and shop assistant layers of the population. After a certain hour, the pavements are flooded by wage-earners who certainly cannot have more than two or three pounds a week. Yet they flock to their great all-night cafés and splendid cinemas, to their dance palaces and icedromes, dog and dirt-track racing, and at their week-end cycling parties. Little did I think, on parting with my ultimate bicycle, that nearly thirty years later I should be dodging, in my own borough, coveys of scorching cyclists of both sexes, heads well down, extremities well up.

Very much associated with the gay picture I paint are the girls of London Town. They are, if I have heard aright, "so well turned out—your shopgirls—and pretty and healthy." This is not news to me, but it assuredly is to many foreigners, especially Frenchmen, who have been brought up on absurd notions regarding the Englishwoman, largely based on the odd fraction that finds its way into our travelling contingent. Most French writers head at once for Hyde Park after dark to judge English womanhood. Even immortals of the Academy do it. Mention of this kind fits in well here because a goodly measure of London's popularity resides in the *surprise* it has proved.

There isn't room to do more than cite further accounting factors in London's zestful awakening: the non-stop round of cocktail parties, non-existent in other capitals (save perhaps a pale and pathetic Paris shadow); the sole surviving débutantes outside of Manhattan and the aura they shed; the impossibility of dancing half the time in packed cabarets, and the unexampled cachet and verve of these places; the continuous procession (also as good as unknown elsewhere) of festive and brilliant occasions in charity's cause.

But it embarrasses to go on. I have turned the searchlight on you from abroad, and I must stop; though not before bequeathing with old-world courtesy, the last word of another of those polyglots: "It is the general atmosphere that is so welcoming, and of breeding, these vulgar, strident times of hostility. And London is so smart and light-hearted beside others who have lost it all."

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1934–35

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball will be held at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve. The theme this year is to be "Speed," and a setting depicting this is being designed by C. R. W. Nevinson and A. Barney Seale.

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LETTS' LATEST

In every walk of life and in every kind of business a diary is always useful and, needless to say, it makes an excellent Christmas gift. The firm of Charles Letts, which has been making diaries for well over a century, has sent us for review a selection of their productions for 1935. There are diaries thick and thin; some a day to a page, others a week to a page; diaries for the pocket; diaries for the desk; diaries specially compiled for the motorist, the housewife, the poultry keeper, the wireless enthusiast, the schoolboy, and the gardener; and all are beautifully bound in the style which the public has learnt to associate with the work of this firm.

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